Adventure Comics
presents
DIAL "H" FOR HERO
THE COMIC YOU CREATE!
ALL NEW! 60¢ U.K. 20p
MORE PAGES! NO. 487 NOV.
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
AVATAR... MASTER OF THE ELEMENTS!
CRIMSON STAR... THE SCOURGE OF THE STARS!
KISMET... MISTRESS OF THE FATES!
RADIATOR... THE LORD OF THE LETHAL LIGHTS!
THESE SUPER-STARS-- AND MORE-- AWAIT YOU IN THIS LATEST ISSUE OF COMICDOM'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT NEW SERIES!
ANDRU & GIORDANO
0 70989 31130 11

CHRISTOPHER KING! VICTORIA GRANT! WHEN THESE TWO ORDINARY TEENAGERS FOUND THE MYSTIC DIALS, THEY HAD NO IDEA THAT WHEN THEY DIALED THE LETTERS H-E-R-O, THEY WOULD BE TURNED INTO THE GREATEST SUPER-HEROES OF ALL TIME! NOW, YOU CAN JOIN THEM AND HELP OUR TITANIC TWOSOME...
DIAL "H" FOR HERO®
NO LONGER PARTNERS-IN-PERIL, VICTORIA GRANT AND CHRISTOPHER KING FACE DOUBLE DANGERS...
TO DIE TWICE... IN FIRE AND ICE!
J-7631

ADVENTURE COMICS PRESENTS DIAL H FOR HERO, (USPS 007-880), Vol. 47, No. 487, November, 1981. Published monthly by DC COMICS INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Additional Mailing Offices. Copyright © 1981 by DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

KINGDAUBACH-DCP

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Advertising Representative, Sanford Schwarz & Co., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, (212) 391-1400.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024. Annual subscription rate $7.20. Outside U.S.A. $8.20.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024.

Jenette Kahn, President and Publisher
Joe Orlando, Vice President, Editorial Director
Len Wein, Editor
Mike W. Barr, Associate Editor
E. Nelson Bridwell, Consulting Editor
Karen Berger, Editorial Coordinator
Jack Adler, Vice President-Production Director
Bob Rozakis, Production Manager
Paul Levitz, Manager of Business Affairs
Arthur Gutowitz, Treasurer

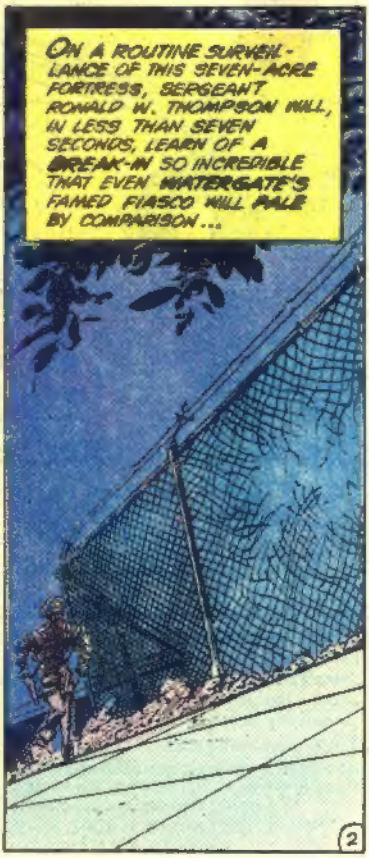
A Warner Communications Company

TWENTY-SEVEN MILES FROM THE CITY OF FAIRFAX, ON A STEEP MOUNTAIN PEAK ACCESSIBLE ONLY BY AIR, LIES A BLEAK SLAB MAUSOLEUM-LIKE BUILDING WHICH IS INHABITED BY FEWER THAN TWO DOZEN MEN...

WITHIN THIS GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION, GUARDED BY THE MOST ADVANCED SECURITY DEVICES, FIFTEEN BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS WORK TO PERFECT A MACHINE THAT JUST MAY SAVE OUR WORLD FROM ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION...

TONIGHT, HOWEVER, WORK WILL NOT PROCEED AS NORMAL. INDEED, AS OF THIS MOMENT, PROJECT: OZONE HAS SUDDENLY GONE AWRY.

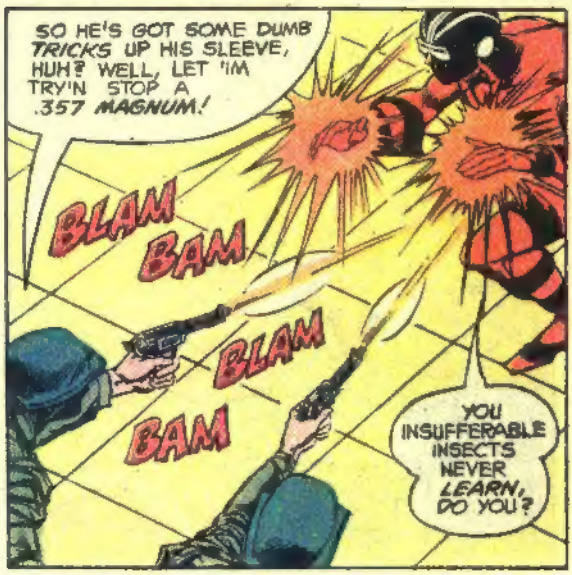
SECURITY HAS SOMEHOW BEEN BREACHED...
AND WHAT THAT COULD MEAN TO MANKIND HAD BEST NOT YET BE TOLD.

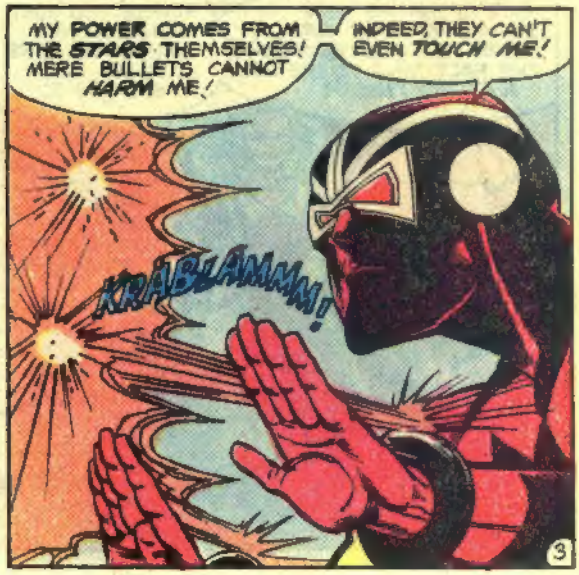

ON A ROUTINE SURVEILLANCE OF THIS SEVEN-ACRE FORTRESS, SERGEANT RONALD W. THOMPSON WILL, IN LESS THAN SEVEN SECONDS, LEARN OF A BREAK-IN SO INCREDIBLE THAT EVEN WATERGATE'S FAMED FIASCO WILL PALE BY COMPARISON...

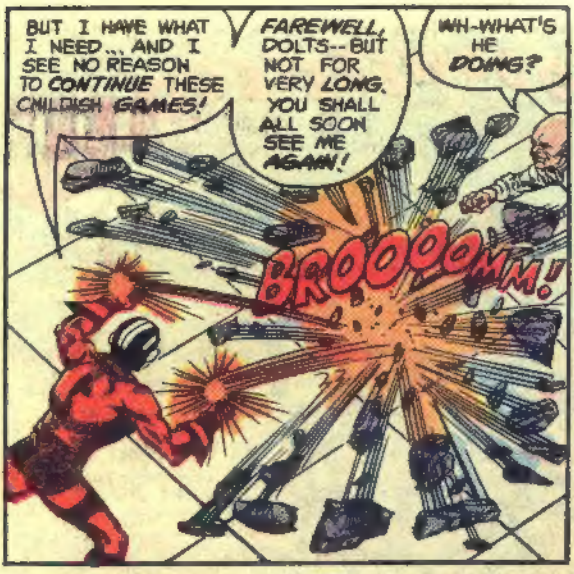
THE JARRING WAIL OF KLAXONS SHATTERS THE TRANQUILITY OF THE NIGHT--
WEEEOOOoWEEEEEOOOOW
--AND, MOMENTS LATER, THE HEAVY POUNDING OF LEATHER-SOLED ARMY BOOTS RESPONDS...

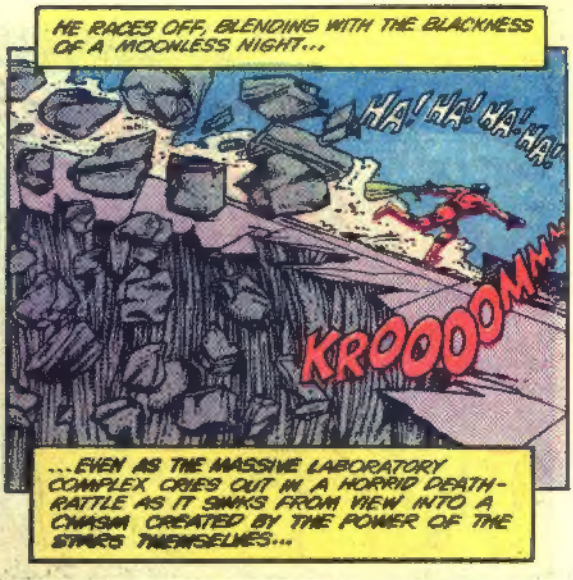
THERE HE IS-- OUR INTRUDER!
WHY IN BLAZES IS HE WEARING THAT GET-UP?
WHO IS HE? HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?
THE ANSWER, MY INSIPID PURSUERS, IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF...

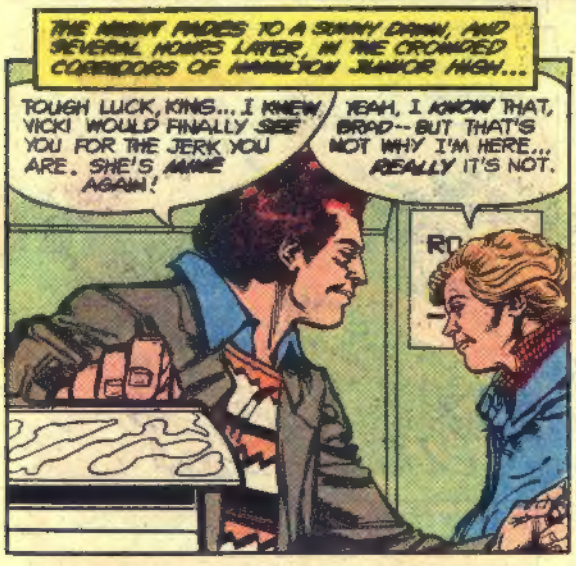
...WHEN YOU POSSESS THE SOLAR-STUNNING ENERGIES OF--
--THE CRIMSON STAR!
SKREEEEEKKK
CRIMSON STAR was created by KAREN LONG, Age 18, Ashtabula, Oh.

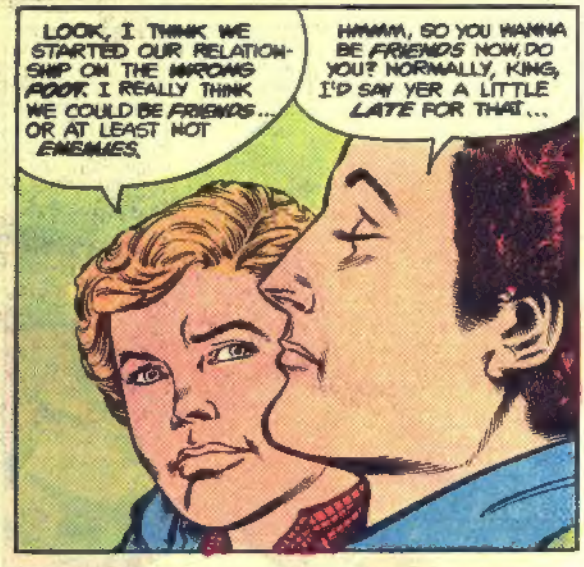

SO HE'S GOT SOME DUMB TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, HUH? WELL, LET 'IM TRY'N STOP A .357 MAGNUM!
BLAM BAM BLAM BAM
YOU INSUFFERABLE INSECTS NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?


MY POWER COMES FROM THE STARS THEMSELVES! MERE BULLETS CANNOT HARM ME!
INDEED, THEY CAN'T EVEN TOUCH ME!
KRABLAMMM!

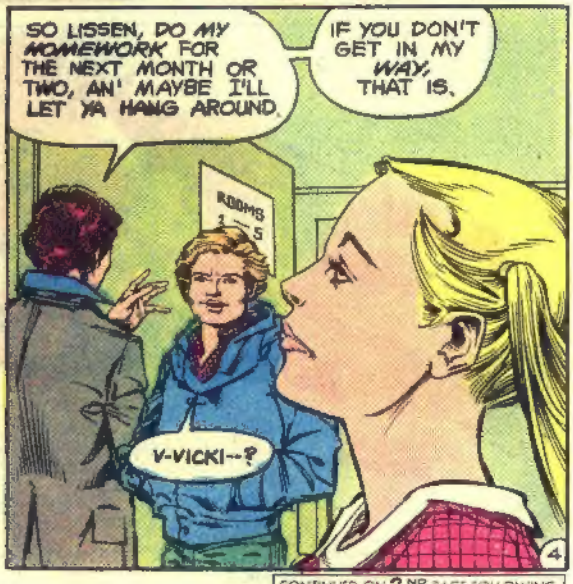

BUT I HAVE WHAT I NEED... AND I SEE NO REASON TO CONTINUE THESE CHILDISH GAMES!
FAREWELL, DOLTS--BUT NOT FOR VERY LONG. YOU SHALL ALL SOON SEE ME AGAIN!
WH-WHAT'S HE DOING?
BROOOOMM!


HE RACES OFF, BLENDING WITH THE BLACKNESS OF A MOONLESS NIGHT...
HA! HA! HA! HA!
KROOOOMM!
...EVEN AS THE MASSIVE LABORATORY COMPLEX CRIES OUT IN A HORRID DEATH-RATTLE AS IT SINKS FROM VIEW INTO A CHASM CREATED BY THE POWER OF THE STARS THEMSELVES...

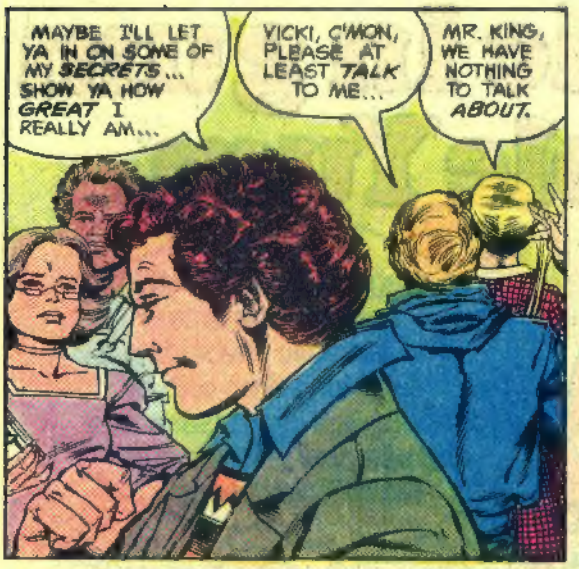

THE NIGHT FADES TO A SUNNY DAWN, AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN THE CROWDED CORRIDORS OF HAMMILTON JUNIOR HIGH...
TOUGH LUCK, KING... I KNEW VICKI WOULD FINALLY SEE YOU FOR THE JERK YOU ARE. SHE'S MINE AGAIN!
YEAH, I KNOW THAT, BRAD--BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE... REALLY IT'S NOT.


LOOK, I THINK WE STARTED OUR RELATIONSHIP ON THE WRONG FOOT. I REALLY THINK WE COULD BE FRIENDS... OR AT LEAST NOT ENEMIES.
HMMM, SO YOU WANNA BE FRIENDS NOW, DO YOU? NORMALLY, KING, I'D SAY YER A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT...

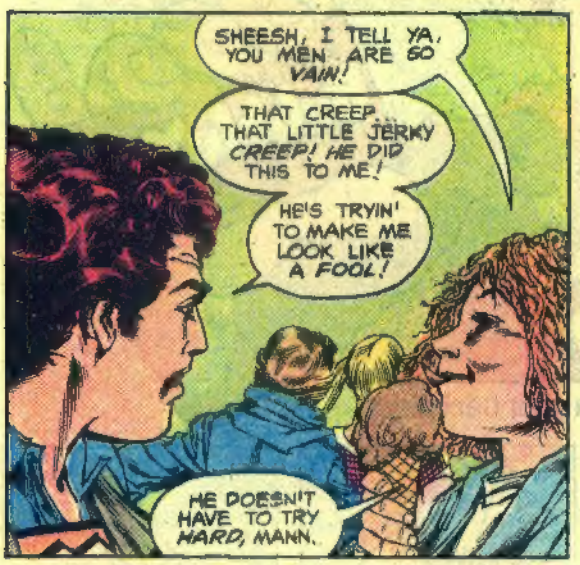
BUT SEEIN' AS HOW I'M A BIG MAN HERE... MAYBE I COULD OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT YOU'RE JUST A STUPID TWERP.
MAYBE YOU JUST HADDA LEARN THE ROPES HERE ...LEARN WHO TO SUCK UP TO!


SO LISSEN, DO MY HOMEWORK FOR THE NEXT MONTH OR TWO, AN' MAYBE I'LL LET YA HANG AROUND.
IF YOU DON'T GET IN MY WAY, THAT IS.
ROOMS 1 — 5
V-VICKI--?
4

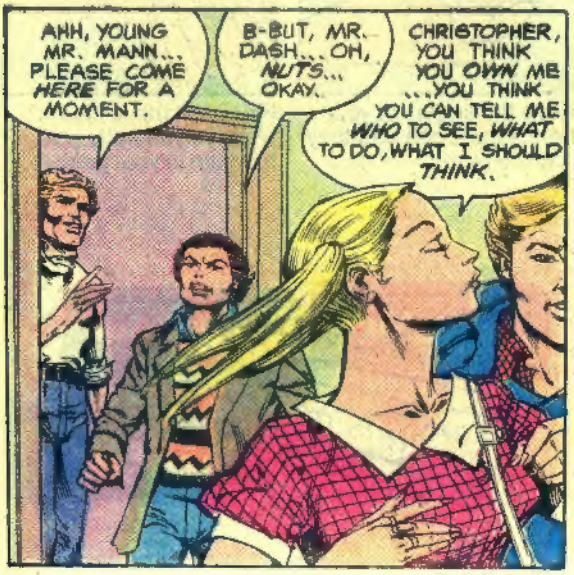
CONTINUED ON 2 NO PAGE FOLLOWING.

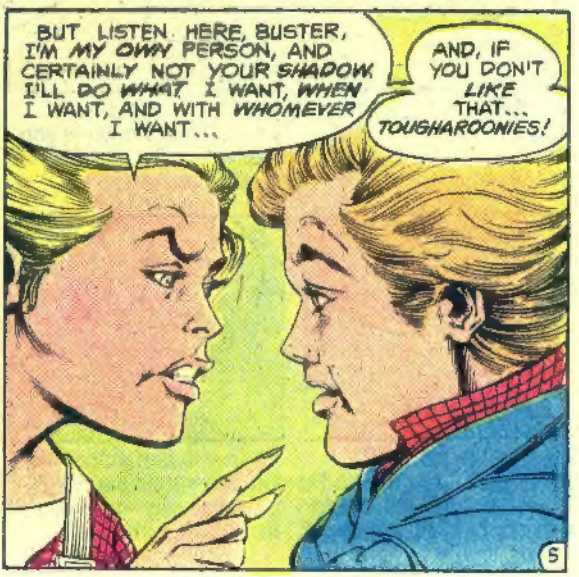

MAYBE I'LL LET YA IN ON SOME OF MY SECRETS... SHOW YA HOW GREAT I REALLY AM...
VICKI, C'MON, PLEASE AT LEAST TALK TO ME...
MR. KING, WE HAVE NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT.

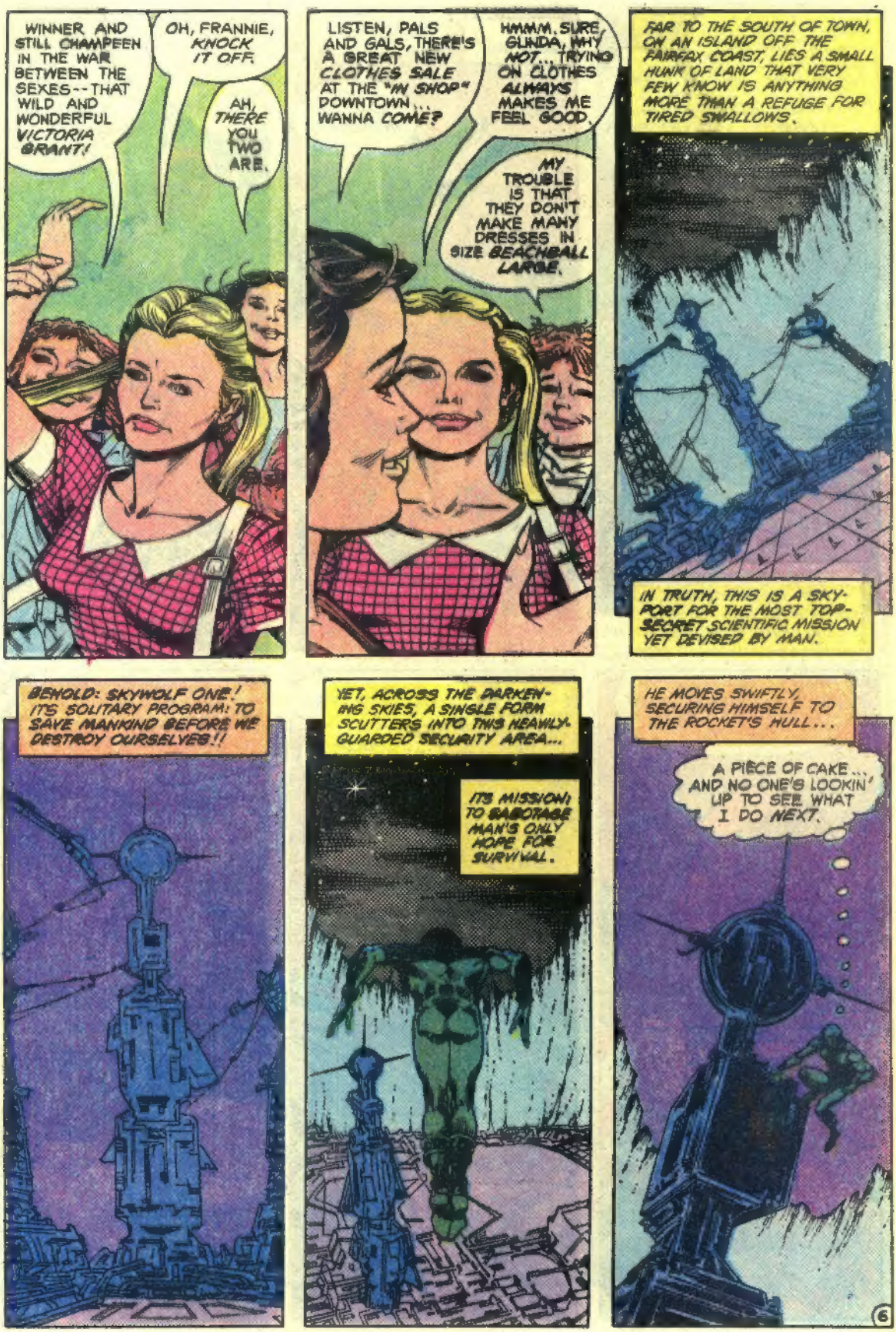
...WHO KNOWS, SOMEDAY MAYBE YOU COULD BE ALMOST AS GOOD AS ME.
HEY, BRADDY, YOU ALWAYS GET OFF ON TALKING TO YOURSELF?
HUNH?


SHEESH, I TELL YA, YOU MEN ARE SO VAIN!
THAT CREEP... THAT LITTLE JERKY CREEP! HE DID THIS TO ME!
HE'S TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A FOOL!
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TRY HARD, MANN.

STUFF A SOCK IN THAT MOUTH OF YOURS, NASH... YOU PUT EVERYTHING ELSE IN THERE.
STICKS AND STONES AND ICE CREAM CONES...NONE WILL EVER HARM ME!

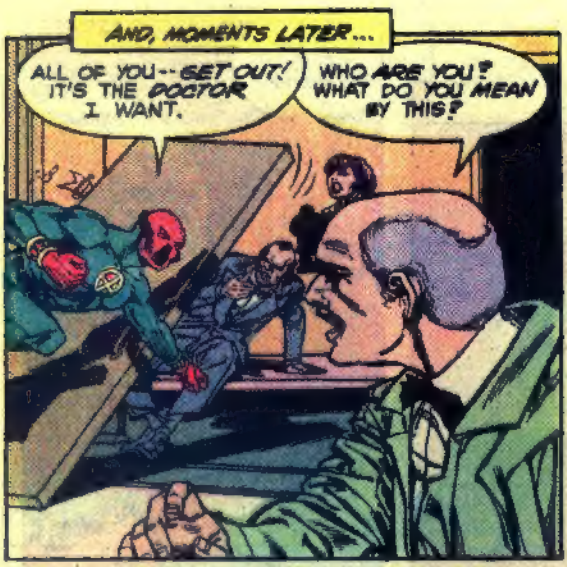

AHH, YOUNG MR. MANN... PLEASE COME HERE FOR A MOMENT.
B-BUT, MR. DASH... OH, NUTS... OKAY.
CHRISTOPHER, YOU THINK YOU OWN ME ...YOU THINK YOU CAN TELL ME WHO TO SEE, WHAT TO DO, WHAT I SHOULD THINK.


BUT LISTEN HERE, BUSTER, I'M MY OWN PERSON, AND CERTAINLY NOT YOUR SHADOW. I'LL DO WHAT I WANT, WHEN I WANT, AND WITH WHOMEVER I WANT...
AND, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THAT... TOUGHAROONIES!


WINNER AND STILL CHAMPEEN IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES--THAT WILD AND WONDERFUL VICTORIA GRANT!
OH, FRANNIE, KNOCK IT OFF.
AH, THERE YOU TWO ARE.
LISTEN, PALS AND GALS, THERE'S A GREAT NEW CLOTHES SALE AT THE "IN SHOP" DOWNTOWN... WANNA COME?
HMMM. SURE, GLINDA, WHY NOT... TRYING ON CLOTHES ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL GOOD.
MY TROUBLE IS THAT THEY DON'T MAKE MANY DRESSES IN SIZE BEACHBALL LARGE.
FAR TO THE SOUTH OF TOWN, ON AN ISLAND OFF THE FAIRFAX COAST, LIES A SMALL HUNK OF LAND THAT VERY FEW KNOW IS ANYTHING MORE THAN A REFUGE FOR TIRED SWALLOWS.
IN TRUTH, THIS IS A SKY-PORT FOR THE MOST TOP-SECRET SCIENTIFIC MISSION YET DEVISED BY MAN.
BEHOLD: SKYWOLF ONE! ITS SOLITARY PROGRAM: TO SAVE MANKIND BEFORE WE DESTROY OURSELVES!!
YET, ACROSS THE DARKENING SKIES, A SINGLE FORM SCUTTERS INTO THIS HEAVILY-GUARDED SECURITY AREA...
ITS MISSION: TO SABOTAGE MAN'S ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL.
HE MOVES SWIFTLY, SECURING HIMSELF TO THE ROCKET'S HULL...
A PIECE OF CAKE... AND NO ONE'S LOOKIN' UP TO SEE WHAT I DO NEXT.
6

NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THIS EASY... BUT THEN, WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE POWERS OF--
--THE RADIATOR!
... I GUESS EVERY-THING BECOMES A SNAP!
THE RADIATOR was created by BRIAN McCOY, Age 12, Charleston, W. Va.
BUT SUDDENLY...
RED ALERT! UP THERE!
WE'VE GOT AN INTRUDER!
BLAST! THEY SPOTTED ME... JUST HAVE TO HOPE MY POWERS ARE ON FULL!
I AIN'T HAD THEM RECHARGED FOR HOURS NOW.
GETTIN' 'EM... MY HEAT-RADIATION BEAM IS WORKIN' LIKE A CHARM!
But...
AGHHHH!! M--MY SHOULDER!
...C-COULDN'T STOP 'EM ALL...
...BURNIN' UP... HURTIN' REAL BAD... HURTIN'...!
THERE HE IS... DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY.
SOMEONE CHECK OUT THE SKYWOLF! SEE IF HE DID ANY DAMAGE TO IT!
7

NOTHING... SECTIONS ONE AND TWO CLEAR.
DITTO THREE AND FOUR. ANYTHING DOWN THERE?
NOTHING! WHATEVER HE WAS AFTER, WE STOPPED HIM COLD!
AND SLOWLY, HAVING INSPECTED THE MISSILE AS CAREFULLY AS THEY COULD, THEY DESCEND...
...NOT ONE OF THEM SPOTTING A FILM OF ALMOST-INVISIBLE PLASTIC WHOSE INGRAINED COMPUTER CIRCUITRY WAITS TO DO ITS TERRIBLE WORK...
HOW IS HE? IS HE ALIVE?
SEEMS TO BE OKAY. GET HIM TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM. I WANT TO FIND OUT EVERYTHING!
THAT, MY DEAR FRIEND...
...IS A PLEASURE YOU SHALL NOT HAVE!
SKREEEEE
WHAT'S HE DOING?
B--BEING PUSHED AWAY... SOME KIND'A FORCE...
...STRONGER THAN ALL OF US!
OF COURSE YOU ARE, YOU FOOLS... MY RADIATION POWER MAKES ME YOUR MASTER!
AND SOON, I PROMISE-- EVEN YOU WILL COME TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT FACT!
BLAST! SHOULDER'S KILLING ME... BULLET'S LODGED IN HERE.
THAT DOCTOR'S PLACE... I NEED HIM!
DOCTOR R.D. WALSH
8



I GOT ME A BULLET IN HERE, DOC... AND YOU'RE GONNA TAKE IT OUT.
DON'T TRY REFUSIN', MISTER -- BECAUSE I GOT ENOUGH POWER IN THESE FISTS TO BLOW THIS TWO-BIT OFFICE OF YOURS FROM HERE TO THE LAND OF OZ!

AND, AS THE DOCTOR MEEKLY COMPLIES, LET US SWITCH SCENES TO "THE IN SHOP" WHERE...
WOW! I'M REALLY GLAD I CAME HERE, GLINDA... THESE DRESSES ARE THE MOST!
VICKI'S DRESS by CHARLES TATUM, Age 19, Lebanon, Tn.
AND THE BEST THING IS, WHEN YOU WEAR THESE STYLES -- YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE IN CROWD, NOT THE OUTS!
EVEN I LOOK GOOD IN THEM. WELL, ALMOST GOOD.
VICKI'S DRESS by ROBERTA L. KENNEDY, Age 33, Scranton, Pa.
FRANNIE'S DRESS by RICHARD KENNEY, Age 25, Lynn, Ma.
FRANNIE'S OUTFIT by DAVID BROWN, Age 13, Coldwater, Ms.
GLINDA'S VEST by CAT IRONWOOD, Age 33, Willow Springs, Mo.
GLINDA'S DRESS by DAVID CABANCA, Age 12, Trail, B.C. Canada.

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

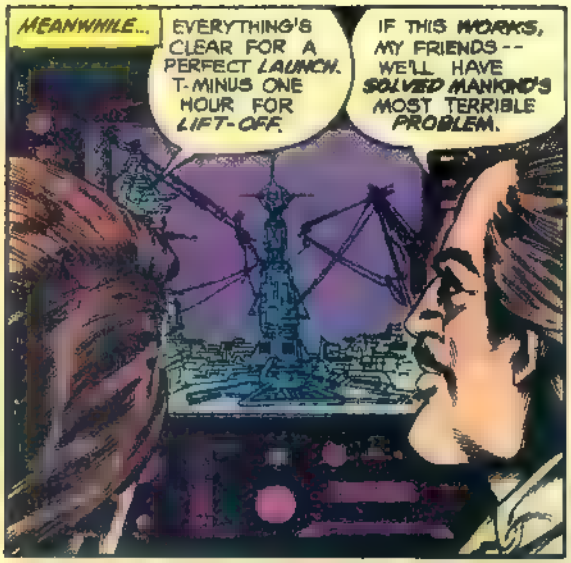
ADVERTISEMENT

RED TORNADO
in
"CLEAN SWEEP"
A MYSTERIOUS VACUUM THIEF STRIKES NIGHTLY IN METROPOLIS, DEVOURING ITEMS OF INVALUABLE TASTE. NO FORCE TO DATE HAS BEEN ABLE TO STOP ITS SWIFT CLEAN-SWEEPING SUCTION.
IT'S A HARD ACT TO SWALLOW, REDDY YOUR WHIRLWIND POWERS ARE THE ONLY MATCH FOR THIS HUNGRY VILLAIN.
MY COMPUTER BRAIN INFORMS ME WE MUST BAIT THE VACUUM VULTURE WITH SOMETHING DARK AND DELICIOUS.
LATER THAT EVENING...
AN INCREDIBLE READING. SOMETHING OF INCOMPARABLE TASTE IS NEAR AT HAND.
HOSTESS® CUP CAKES!
FUDGY ICINGS! DEEP, DARK, DELICIOUS CHOCOLATY CAKE! INVALUABLE TASTE!
I BELIEVE IT IS NOW TIME TO STIR UP TROUBLE IN THE VACUUM'S CONTROL CIRCUITS.
REDDY, YOU'RE QUITE A HERO!
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, COMMISSIONER. THE HOSTESS CUP CAKES ARE THE REAL HERO.
YOU GET A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE OF HOSTESS® CUP CAKES
ALL CHARACTERS © DC COMICS INC. 1981

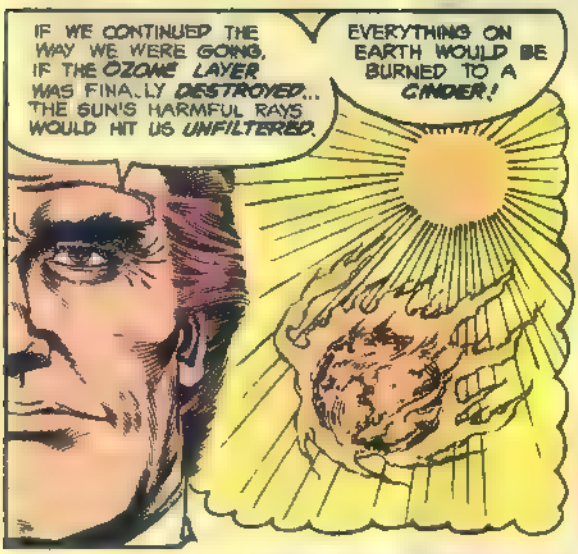
®HOSTESS IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY
©1981 CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY

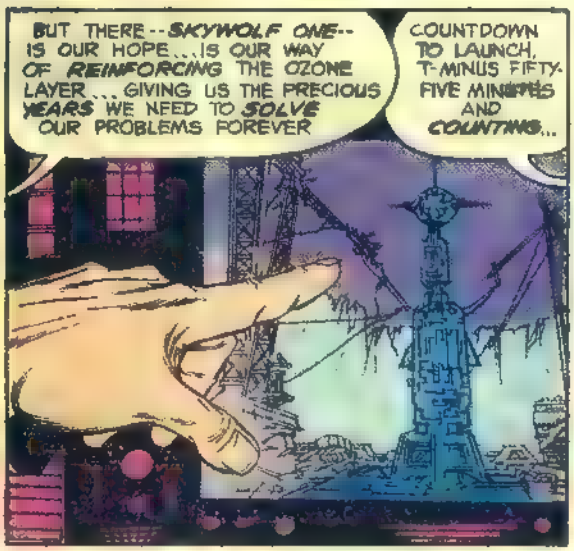
BUT SOON AFTER...
HUNH? SOMEONE FLYING UP THERE.. AND MY LOCKET'S NOT GLOWING, SO IT CAN'T BE CHRIS.
BUT IF IT'S NOT HIM... IT MUST BE TROUBLE!
VICKI'S OUTFIT by JEFF ALBRECHT, Age 23, Rochester, MI.
MY DIALING SELF IS NEEDED!
HEY, VICKI...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING! MISS TALMUDE... PUT THIS ON MY DAD'S CHARGE, WILLYA?
AS VICTORIA GRANT RACES INTO A BACK ALLEY, HER FINGER REACHES FOR THE ANCIENT, MYSTIC LOCKET...
...THE OUTER DESIGN FADES, REVEALING THE POWER-DIAL FACE BELOW...
AND, AS QUICKLY AS VICKI GRANT CAN DIAL THE LETTERS H-E-R-O ... THERE IS A BOLT OF COSMIC BRILLIANCE, A SHUDDERING OF THUNDEROUS FORCE... AND...
I CAN FEEL ALL THE NEW POWER COURSING THROUGH ME... FEEL MYSELF CHANGING, BECOMING MORE AWARE.
KISMET, MISTRESS OF THE MIND WAVE!!
I'M NO LONGER JUST VICKI GRANT -- I'VE BECOME --
KISMET was created by RICHARD JONES, Age 15, Homer City, Pa.
BUT THEN, WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF DARK THOUGHT...
S-SOMETHING WRONG... FEEL WEAK ALL OVER... AND MY HEAD'S SPLITTING... ACHING... ROARING WITH AWFUL SOUNDS...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? ALL I SEE ARE HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES! THINGS IMPOSSIBLE... I... I HEAR THE CRIES OF CHILDREN...
-IT'S AWFUL ...SO AWFUL ... PEOPLE BEING HURT... BUI..D-INGS BURNING..
10

...SOMEHOW WITH THESE POWERS, I CAN SENSE THE FUTURE ...BUT IS IT THE REAL FUTURE OR SOMETHING I CAN STILL STOP?
AND I SAW THOSE IMAGES AFTER SEEING THAT FLYING MAN ...SOMEHOW HE'S CONNECTED TO IT.
AND IF HE'S RESPONSIBLE, I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM...
...THOUGH I DON'T BELIEVE I HAVE HALF ENOUGH POWER TO DO IT.
BUT STILL, THE VALIANT VICKI GRANT STAGGERS ON...
FOR MORE THAN A MILE, KISMET'S KEEN MIND TRACES THE FLYING FIGURE, UNTIL HE DIPS LOW AND FINALLY LANDS...
THE LAUNCH IS STILL SET, I'M SURE OF THAT ...BUT ONCE THEY PUT THAT BABY IN ORBIT--
THEN THE RADIATOR TAKES CONTROL!!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, PAL.
YOU'RE NOT SETTING THIS WORLD ON FIRE AS LONG AS KISMET'S ALIVE!
WHAT? YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING ME? YOU KNOW MY PLANS?
WELL, MY LITTLE LASS--FIRE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY OF RIDDING YOURSELF OF AN ENEMY!
NOT WHEN YOU CAN ALWAYS PUT YOUR FOE ON--
--ICE--!
F-FROZEN... CAN'T POSSIBLY MOVE!
I'M STUCK!!
11

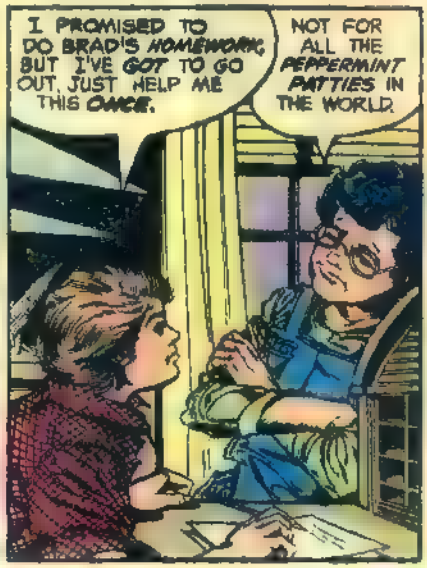

MEANWHILE...
EVERYTHING'S CLEAR FOR A PERFECT LAUNCH. T-MINUS ONE HOUR FOR LIFT-OFF.
IF THIS WORKS, MY FRIENDS -- WE'LL HAVE SOLVED MANKIND'S MOST TERRIBLE PROBLEM.

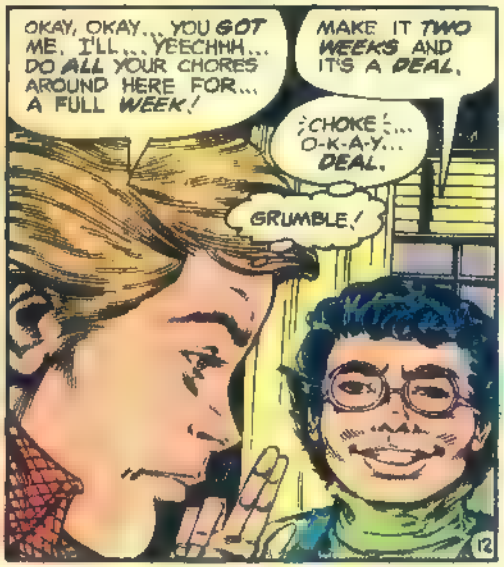
ALL THESE YEARS OF CHEMICAL POLLUTANTS, OF FLUOROCARBONS DESTROYING OUR PRECIOUS OZONE LAYER... ALL THESE YEARS OF HAVING OUR VERY ATMOSPHERE BEING EATEN AWAY BY MAN'S OWN GREED...
...AT LAST WE MAY HAVE HIT UPON A CURE...A SOLUTION TO OUR PLANET'S SALVATION.

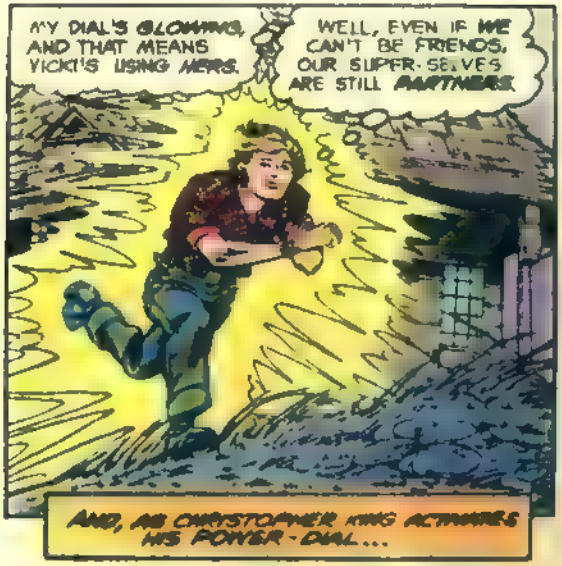

IF WE CONTINUED THE WAY WE WERE GOING, IF THE OZONE LAYER WAS FINALLY DESTROYED... THE SUN'S HARMFUL RAYS WOULD HIT US UNFILTERED.
EVERYTHING ON EARTH WOULD BE BURNED TO A CINDER!


BUT THERE--SKYWOLF ONE-- IS OUR HOPE...IS OUR WAY OF REINFORCING THE OZONE LAYER... GIVING US THE PRECIOUS YEARS WE NEED TO SOLVE OUR PROBLEMS FOREVER
COUNTDOWN TO LAUNCH, T-MINUS FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES AND COUNTING...

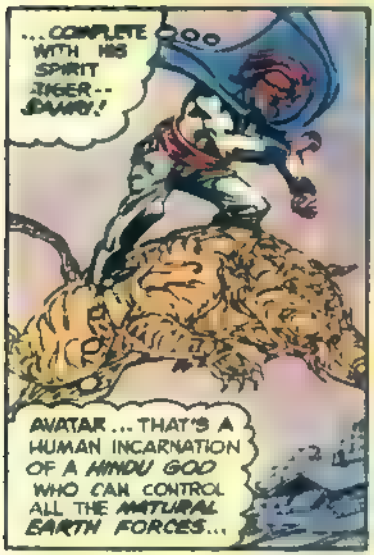
MEANWHILE, AT 231 JEWEL STREET, THE HOME OF CHRYSTOPHER KING...
C'MON, GARY, PLEASE...JUST A LITTLE HELP!
SORRY, OLDER BROTHER, YOU DONE YOURSELF IN!

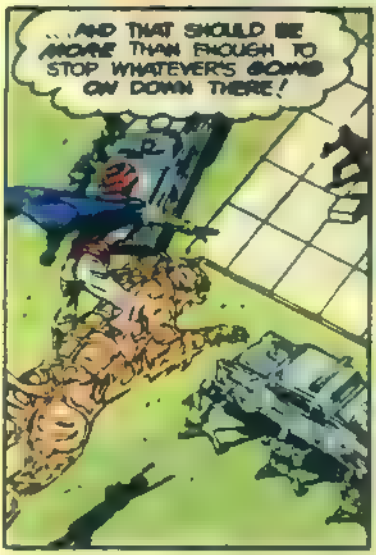

I PROMISED TO DO BRAD'S HOMEWORK, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO OUT. JUST HELP ME THIS ONCE.
NOT FOR ALL THE PEPPERMINT PATTIES IN THE WORLD.


OKAY, OKAY... YOU GOT ME. I'LL... YEECHHH... DO ALL YOUR CHORES AROUND HERE FOR... A FULL WEEK!
MAKE IT TWO WEEKS AND IT'S A DEAL.
CHOKE!... O-K-A-Y... DEAL.
GRUMBLE!


MY DIAL'S GLOWING, AND THAT MEANS VICKI'S USING MERS.
WELL, EVEN IF WE CAN'T BE FRIENDS, OUR SUPER-SELVES ARE STILL PARTNERS.
AND, AS CHRISTOPHER KING ACTIVATES HIS POWER-DIAL...

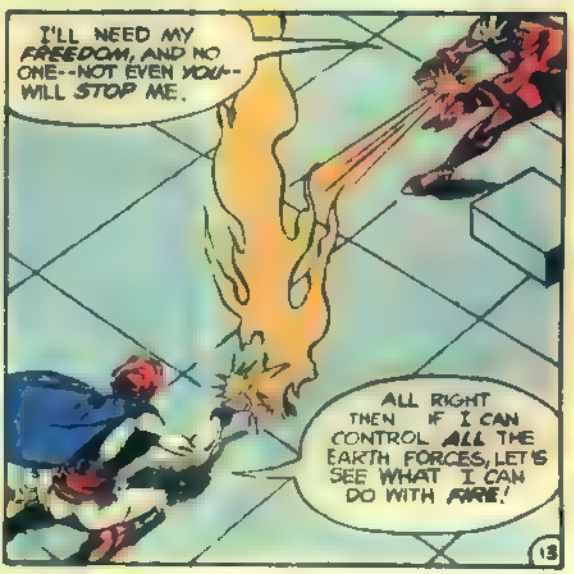
...ONCE AGAIN A STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS TAKES PLACE...
IT'S ALWAYS AMAZING AS I CHANGE... IT FEELS LIKE NOTHING ELSE ...ALMOST LIKE I'M BEING TOUCHED BY THE GODS THEMSELVES.
GONE IS CHRIS KING... AND HERE COMES -- THE AVATAR...
AVATAR & SAMMY were created by JOHN MATTSON, Age 14, Portland, Ore.

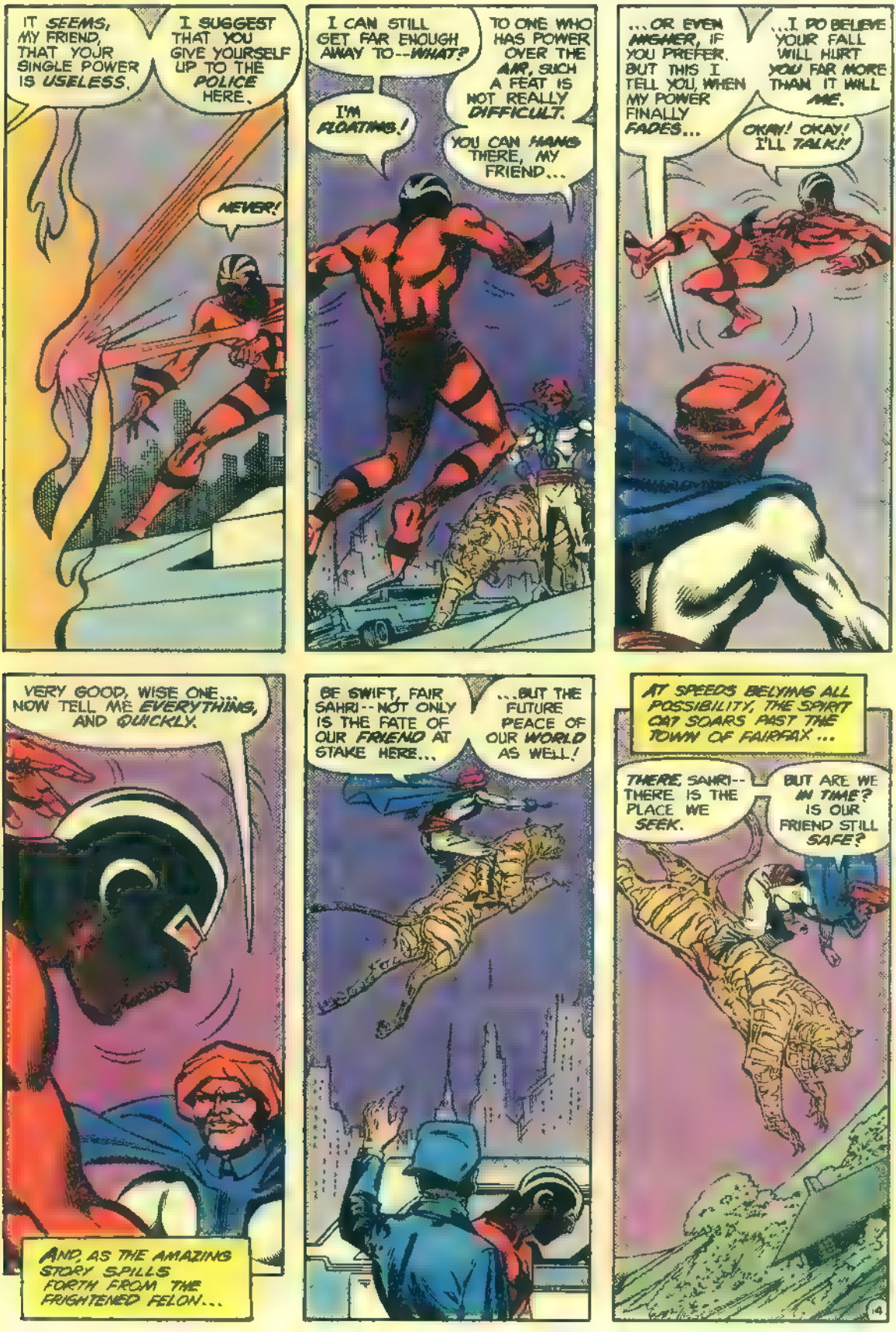

...COMPLETE WITH HIS SPIRIT TIGER-- SAMMY!
AVATAR... THAT'S A HUMAN INCARNATION OF A HINDU GOD WHO CAN CONTROL ALL THE NATURAL EARTH FORCES...

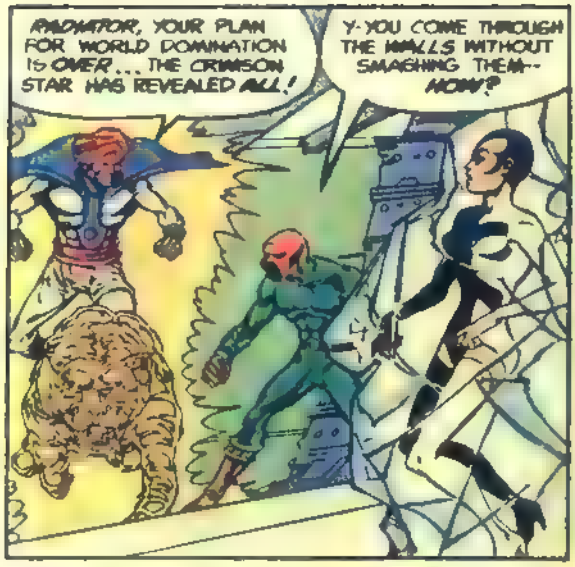

...AND THAT SHOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO STOP WHATEVER'S GOING ON DOWN THERE!

WHAT? WHO'S THAT?
THE NAME'S AMERICA, MY FRIENDS... AND MY TIGER HERE IS MERELY SUBDUING YOUR WOULD-BE THIEF!

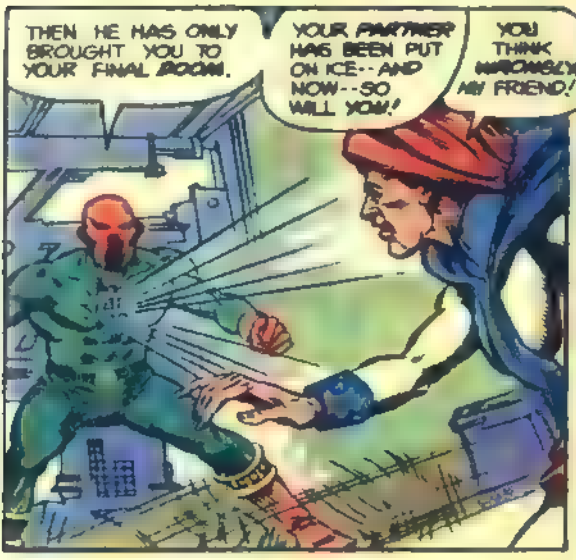
NOTHING WILL STOP ME, MISTER--NOT WHEN THE TIME FOR SUCCESS IS SO VERY CLOSE!


I'LL NEED MY FREEDOM, AND NO ONE--NOT EVEN YOU-- WILL STOP ME.
ALL RIGHT THEN IF I CAN CONTROL ALL THE EARTH FORCES, LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH FIRE!
13

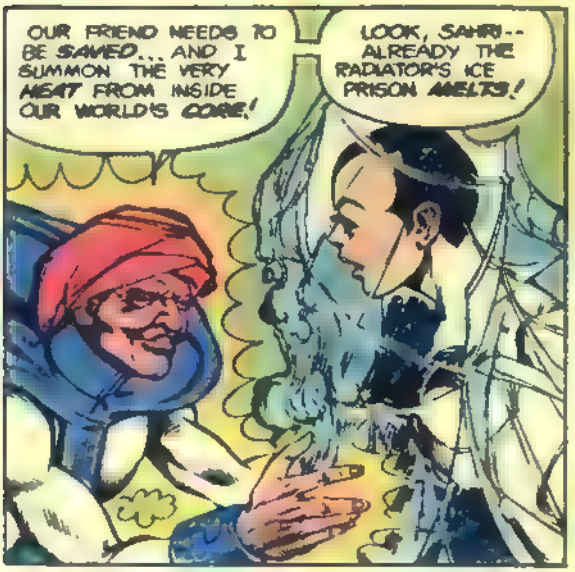

IT SEEMS, MY FRIEND, THAT YOUR SINGLE POWER IS USELESS.
I SUGGEST THAT YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE POLICE HERE.
NEVER!
I CAN STILL GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY TO--WHAT?
I'M FLOATING!
TO ONE WHO HAS POWER OVER THE AIR, SUCH A FEAT IS NOT REALLY DIFFICULT.
YOU CAN HANG THERE, MY FRIEND...
...OR EVEN ANGHER, IF YOU PREFER. BUT THIS I TELL YOU, WHEN MY POWER FINALLY FADES...
...I DO BELIEVE YOUR FALL WILL HURT YOU FAR MORE THAN IT WILL ME.
OKAY! OKAY! I'LL TALK!!
VERY GOOD, WISE ONE... NOW TELL ME EVERYTHING, AND QUICKLY.
AND, AS THE AMAZING STORY SPILLS FORTH FROM THE FRIGHTENED FELON...
BE SWIFT, FAIR SAHRI--NOT ONLY IS THE FATE OF OUR FRIEND AT STAKE HERE...
...BUT THE FUTURE PEACE OF OUR WORLD AS WELL!
AT SPEEDS DEFYING ALL POSSIBILITY, THE SPIRIT CAT SOARS PAST THE TOWN OF FAIRFAX...
THERE, SAHRI--THERE IS THE PLACE WE SEEK.
BUT ARE WE IN TIME? IS OUR FRIEND STILL SAFE?
14

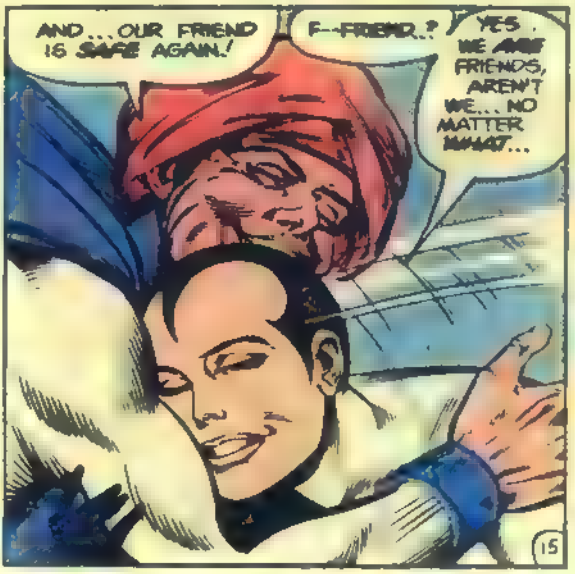

RADIATOR, YOUR PLAN FOR WORLD DOMINATION IS OVER... THE CRIMSON STAR HAS REVEALED ALL!
Y-YOU COME THROUGH THE WALLS WITHOUT SMASHING THEM-- HOW?

MY TIGER BELONGS TO THE SPIRIT WORLD... NO EARTHLY BARRIER MAY STOP HIM.

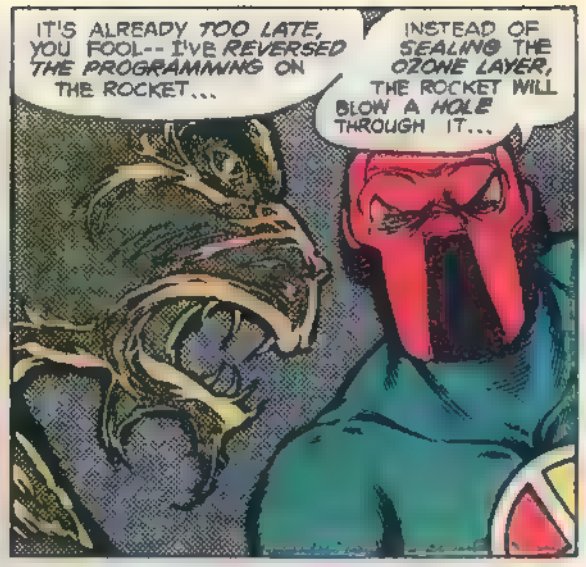

THEN HE HAS ONLY BROUGHT YOU TO YOUR FINAL DOOM.
YOUR PARTNER HAS BEEN PUT ON ICE-- AND NOW--SO WILL YOU!
YOU THINK WRONGLY, MY FRIEND!

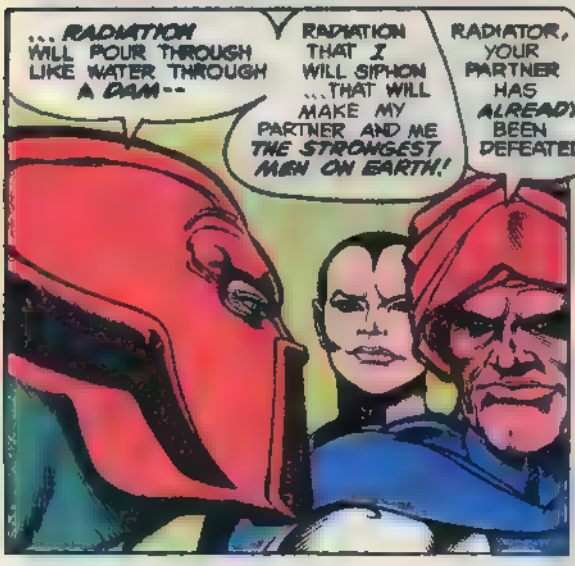
MY EARTH BARRIER WILL TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT. AND NOW--SAHRI--YOU GUARD OUR VILLAIN.


OUR FRIEND NEEDS TO BE SAVED... AND I SUMMON THE VERY HEAT FROM INSIDE OUR WORLD'S CORE!
LOOK, SAHRI-- ALREADY THE RADIATOR'S ICE PRISON MELTS!

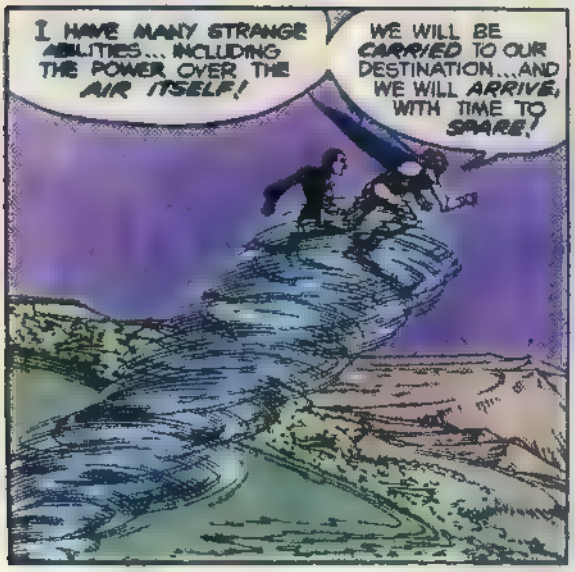

AND... OUR FRIEND IS SAFE AGAIN!
F--FRIEND..?
YES. WE ARE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE... NO MATTER WHAT...

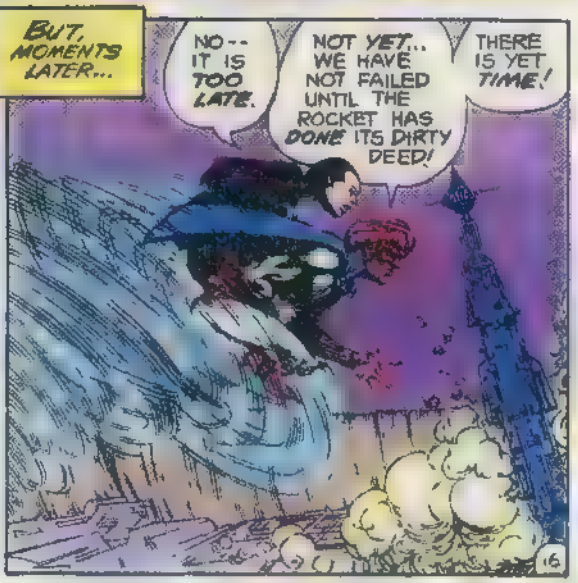
ONLY... I SENSE OUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER... THE MISSILE RADIATOR GIMMICKED IS ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED.
WHAT HAS HE DONE WITH IT?

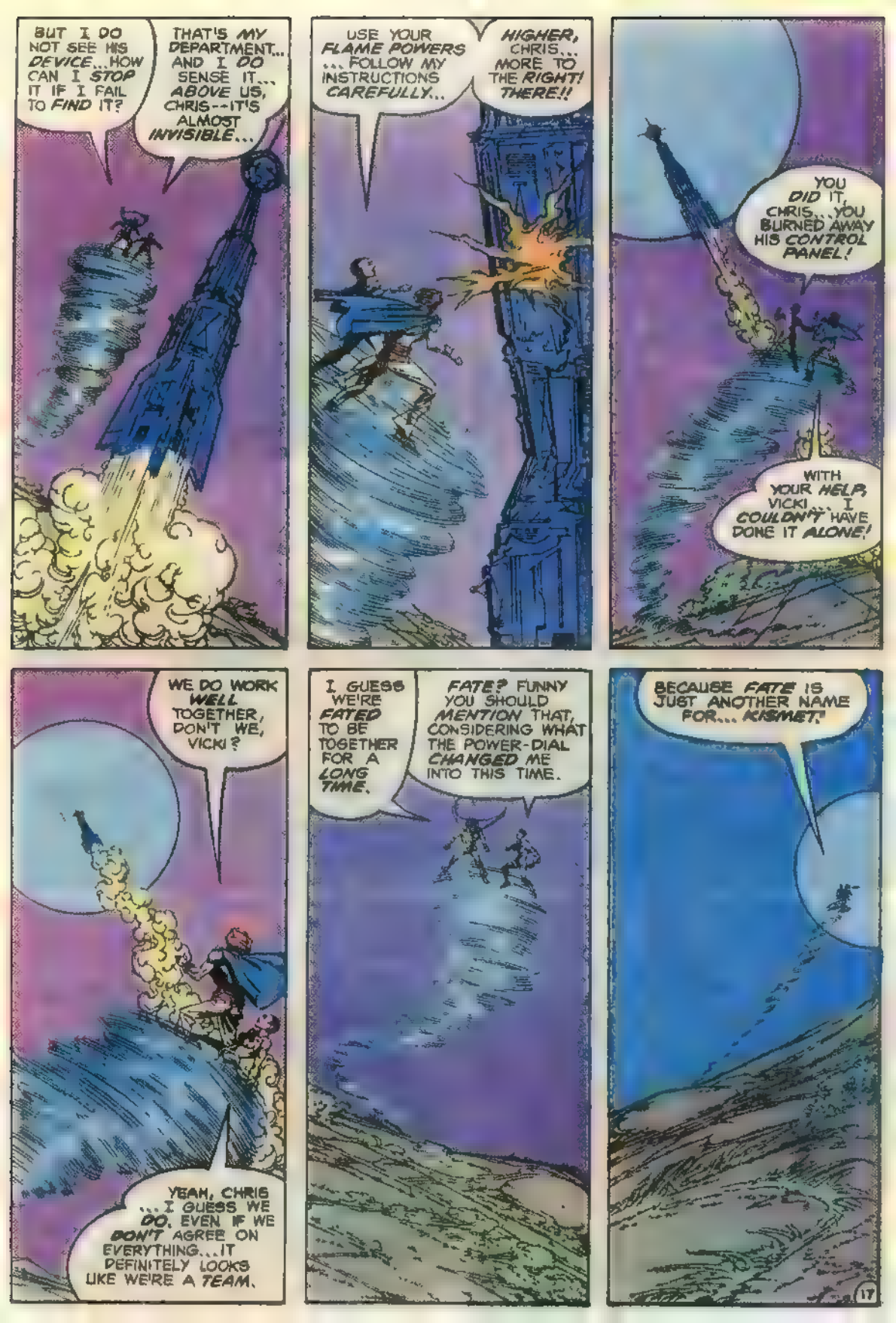

IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE, YOU FOOL-- I'VE REVERSED THE PROGRAMMING ON THE ROCKET...
INSTEAD OF SEALING THE OZONE LAYER, THE ROCKET WILL BLOW A HOLE THROUGH IT...

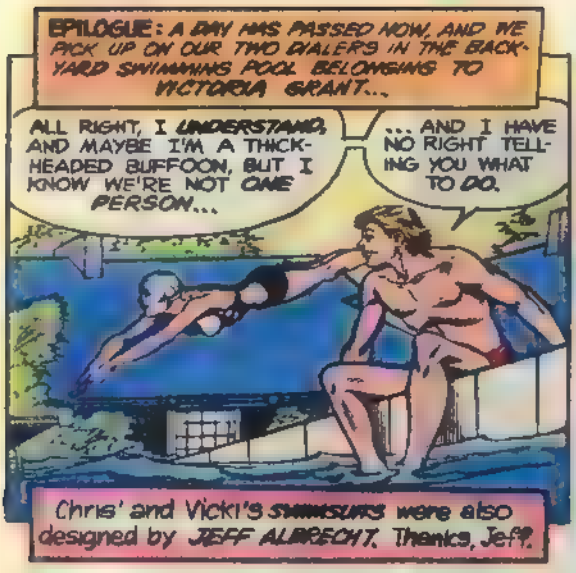

... RADIATION WILL POUR THROUGH LIKE WATER THROUGH A DAM--
RADIATION THAT I WILL SIPHON ...THAT WILL MAKE MY PARTNER AND ME THE STRONGEST MEN ON EARTH!
RADIATOR, YOUR PARTNER HAS ALREADY BEEN DEFEATED.

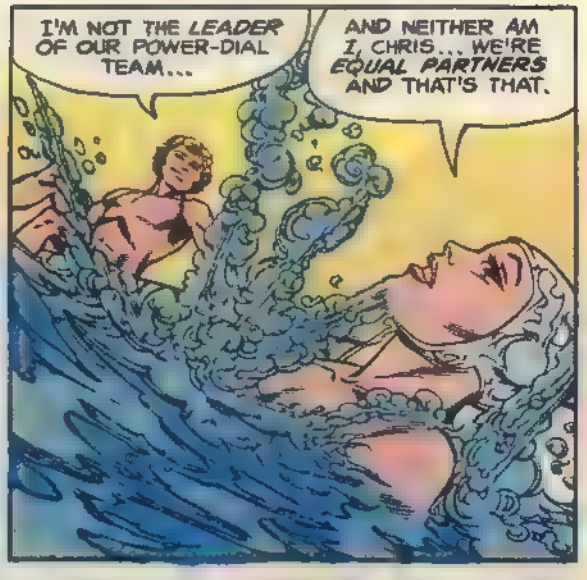
SAMMY, YOU GUARD THIS FOUL MISCREANT ... WHILE WE HURRY TO SAVE WHAT CAN YET BE SAVED!
BUT HOW CAN WE GET THERE... THE LAUNCHING PAD'S MILES AWAY!

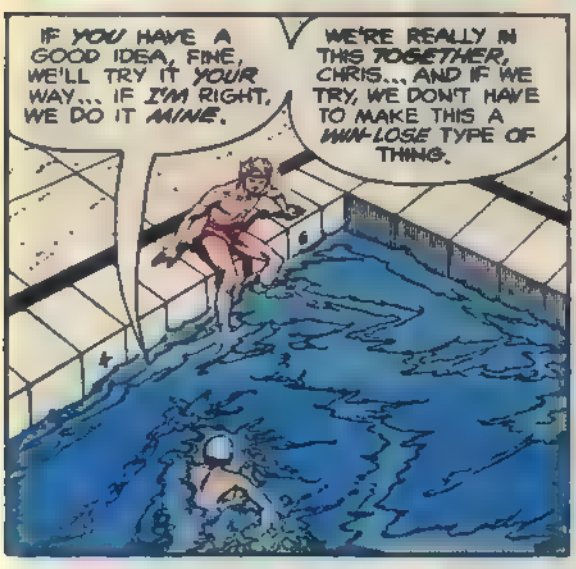

I HAVE MANY STRANGE ABILITIES... INCLUDING THE POWER OVER THE AIR ITSELF!
WE WILL BE CARRIED TO OUR DESTINATION... AND WE WILL ARRIVE, WITH TIME TO SPARE!

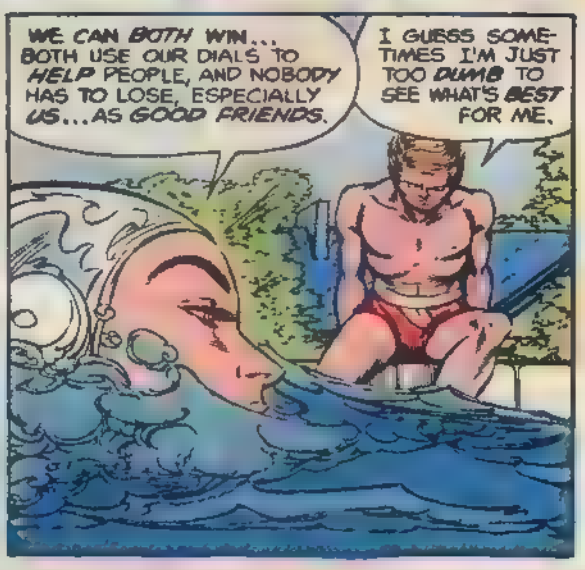

BUT, MOMENTS LATER...
NO-- IT IS TOO LATE.
NOT YET... WE HAVE NOT FAILED UNTIL THE ROCKET HAS DONE ITS DIRTY DEED!
THERE IS YET TIME!

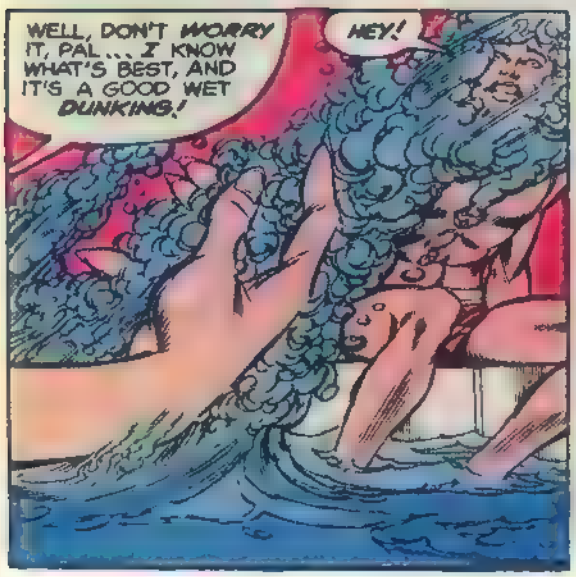

BUT I DO NOT SEE HIS DEVICE...HOW CAN I STOP IT IF I FAIL TO FIND IT?
THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT... AND I DO SENSE IT... ABOVE US, CHRIS--IT'S ALMOST INVISIBLE...
USE YOUR FLAME POWERS ...FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY...
HIGHER, CHRIS... MORE TO THE RIGHT! THERE!!
YOU DID IT, CHRIS...YOU BURNED AWAY HIS CONTROL PANEL!
WITH YOUR HELP, VICKI... I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ALONE!
WE DO WORK WELL TOGETHER, DON'T WE, VICKI?
YEAH, CHRIS ...I GUESS WE DO. EVEN IF WE DON'T AGREE ON EVERYTHING...IT DEFINITELY LOOKS LIKE WE'RE A TEAM.
I GUESS WE'RE FATED TO BE TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME.
FATE? FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT, CONSIDERING WHAT THE POWER-DIAL CHANGED ME INTO THIS TIME.
BECAUSE FATE IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR... KISMET!
17

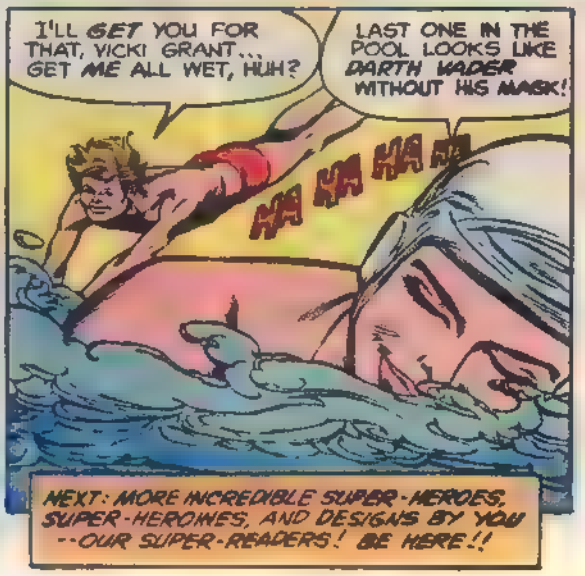

EPILOGUE: A DAY HAS PASSED NOW, AND WE PICK UP ON OUR TWO DIALERS IN THE BACK-YARD SWIMMING POOL BELONGING TO VICTORIA GRANT...
ALL RIGHT, I UNDERSTAND, AND MAYBE I'M A THICK-HEADED BUFFOON, BUT I KNOW WE'RE NOT ONE PERSON...
... AND I HAVE NO RIGHT TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO.
Chris' and Vicki's SWIMSUITS were also designed by JEFF ALBRECHT. Thanks, Jeff!


I'M NOT THE LEADER OF OUR POWER-DIAL TEAM...
AND NEITHER AM I, CHRIS... WE'RE EQUAL PARTNERS AND THAT'S THAT.


IF YOU HAVE A GOOD IDEA, FINE, WE'LL TRY IT YOUR WAY... IF I'M RIGHT, WE DO IT MINE.
WE'RE REALLY IN THIS TOGETHER, CHRIS... AND IF WE TRY, WE DON'T HAVE TO MAKE THIS A WIN-LOSE TYPE OF THING.


WE CAN BOTH WIN... BOTH USE OUR DIALS TO HELP PEOPLE, AND NOBODY HAS TO LOSE, ESPECIALLY US... AS GOOD FRIENDS.
I GUESS SOMETIMES I'M JUST TOO DUMB TO SEE WHAT'S BEST FOR ME.


WELL, DON'T WORRY IT, PAL... I KNOW WHAT'S BEST, AND IT'S A GOOD WET DUNKING!
HEY!


I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, VICKI GRANT... GET ME ALL WET, HUH?
LAST ONE IN THE POOL LOOKS LIKE DARTH VADER WITHOUT HIS MASK!
HA HA HA HA
NEXT: MORE INCREDIBLE SUPER-HEROES, SUPER-HEROINES, AND DESIGNS BY YOU --OUR SUPER-READERS! BE HERE!!

DIAL "L" FOR LETTERS

c/o DC COMICS, INC., 75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020 L-860

Dear Dialers,

I've got the first four issues of your new series and I think I'm ready to comment.

First, I think the whole concept is a good one and could really blossom into a blockbuster. Unfortunately, there are a couple of drawbacks.

The three-stories-per-issues format has got to go. There are no real reasons to have three separate stories except that you get each set of characters into their own story. But, as evident in #479 and #482, you put more than one set into a story anyway. By just doing one long story, you could get better continuity and lessen the number of silly endings like in #478 and the number of abrupt endings like in #482. Try a little variety at least and alter the length of stories. I'd even like to see a continued tale over two issues.

The second flaw in the series is Vicki's necklace. Hasn't anyone in Fairfax noticed that all the super-heroines wear the same necklace? And hasn't Frannie noticed that Vicki wears the same one? Or the clothes-conscious Glinda? Or Chris' dad?

Finally, Fairfax should start to suffer from Smallville-itis soon. That is, a population growth and more media-attention should result from having so many heroes running around. This should develop soon.

In all, the heroes that Chris and Vicki become are usually quite good (especially *Mister Thin* and *Grasshopper*). Keep up the good work.

RUSSELL BURBAGE,
7567 Stanford,
U. City, MO 63130

How good the heroes and villains are depends on the submissions of our readers, Russ! As long as the ideas we get are as superb as they have been, we'll have no problem keeping the good work up!—TPS

• • •

Dear E(I)E For Editor),

With regard to *ADVENTURE* #482, .SUPERB! You have matched a good idea with characters we can all stand next to and think up ourselves. Chris' constant competition with Brad Mann and Vicki's peer pressure are things of real life we can all relate to. That's one reason I buy this magazine.

Since Chris' dad is a detective, why don't the kids trust him with their super-secret?

JEFF KAGAN,
226 Belmont Court,
Michigan City, IN 46360

• • •

Dear Editor,

I think that *ADVENTURE* #482 was your best issue yet. Your first few were unnecessarily childish. Now, although you still have room for improvement, I think your story, characters and art are getting better. You are adding interesting sub-plots instead of just filling the stories with outlandish senseless hero/villain battles. I enjoy the heroes (and where would this series be without them?), but I also like to see characters as believable human beings.

The appearance of the H I V E shows that this comic takes place on Earth-1, so how about *Superman* or one of the other *Justice Leaguers* guest starring to investigate the number of super-heroes in Fairfax?

DANIEL R. TOBIAS,
7 Broadview Road,
Poughkeepsie, NY 12603

We've no immediate plans for an established super-heroes to appear in Dial "H", but it could happen.. —TPS

• • •

Dear Dialers,

So far I'm enjoying Dial "H" and hope the series will have a long run in *ADVENTURE COMICS*.

However, in the third story in #482, there is a slight error. On page 7, we see *Aniwoman* covering for Chris by animating a fire hydrant. How come the water didn't come gushing out? (Perhaps she also animated the water and told it to stay put?!)

Also, I don't want to cut up my comics to use the release form. Could you send me a couple?

R. JOHN UNGER JR.,
407 Third Avenue,
Pelham, NY 10803

We'll send a Release Form along to anyone who sends a self-addressed stamped envelope, John. We can appreciate readers who don't want to cut up the issues.

As for the lack of gushing water, Aniwoman actually animated some of the sidewalk to plug the pipe. After all, she had to cover the hole in the ground too!—TPS

• • •

Dear Len,

Two of the heroes in *ADVENTURE* #482 surpass any that I've seen yet, *Mister Thin* and *Aniwoman*!

Mister Thin is hilarious! A face like a cubist's nightmare and a body that looks as if it was peeled off the page it's printed on easily makes him the most bizarre stretchable sleuth ever. And four legs?? Robby Reed never got dialogue like this, despite some even weirder forms. Here's my emphatic "yea" for more bizarre heroes of this type.

Aniwoman, I liked despite her rather awkward-to-the-tongue name, because of her unusual, thought-provoking powers. Aside from *Life Lass* in the *Legion's* series, no other character I can think of has a similar talent. (Well, maybe *Green Lantern* or *Firestorm*, but they have other powers which overshadow this one.) Readers with imagination are what make this book work.

Carmine and Don: You're both at your best! Dennis: You're the reason! Marv: Your characterization and pacing are, as usual superlative; but some of your plots belong back in the cemetery. And the dialogue, well...we call it maize!

ROBERT A. BUETHE,
226 Hathaway Avenue,
Elmont, NY 11003

If we ever do Dial "D" For Dialogue, we'll let you have a crack at it, Bob—and we'll let Marv write letters about it!—TPS

• • •

Dear Editor,

Will someone please take Bradford Mann down several pegs?

JEF PECKHAM,
708 North Chestnut Street,
Frankfort, KS 66427

Sure, as soon as one of you readers sends in Down-a-Peg Man!—Ted P. Skimmer

"TO DIE TWICE IN FIRE AND ICE!" STORY BY MARV WOLFMAN, ART BY INFANTINO & JENSEN
H "TO CHARM A SERPENT!" STORY BY GEORGE KASHDAN, ART BY DON HECK | EDITED BY
LETTERING ON BOTH BY BEN ODA, COLORING ON BOTH BY CARL GAFFORD | LEN WEIN

CHRISTOPHER KING! VICTORIA GRANT! WHEN THESE TWO ORDINARY TEENAGERS FOUND THE MYSTIC DIALS, THEY HAD NO IDEA THAT WHEN THEY DIALED THE LETTERS H-E-R-O, THEY WOULD BE TURNED INTO THE GREATEST SUPER-HEROES OF ALL TIME! NOW, YOU CAN JOIN THEM AND HELP OUR TITANIC TWOSOME...

DIAL "H" FOR HERO®

DRIVE THROUGH THE TOWN OF FAIRFAX ON MOST DAYS, AND YOU'RE LIKELY TO FORM ONE IMPRESSION.

DULLSVILLE!

SLEEPYTOWN!

MONOTONY, U.S.A.!

BUT ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, YOU MAY WISH YOU'D BIT YOUR TONGUE...

TH-THAT THING LOOMING UP AHEAD...

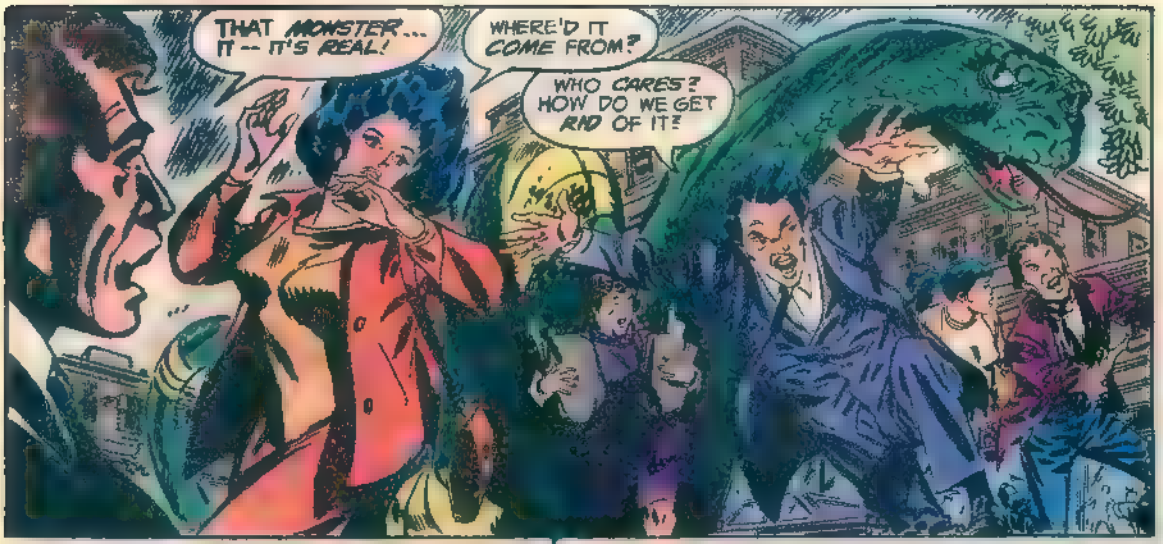
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK IT WAS A...

... A HUGE SNAKE!

ANYONE CAN LEARN TO HANDLE THE DEADLIEST OF SNAKES... BUT IT TAKES SOME SUPER-HEROICS...

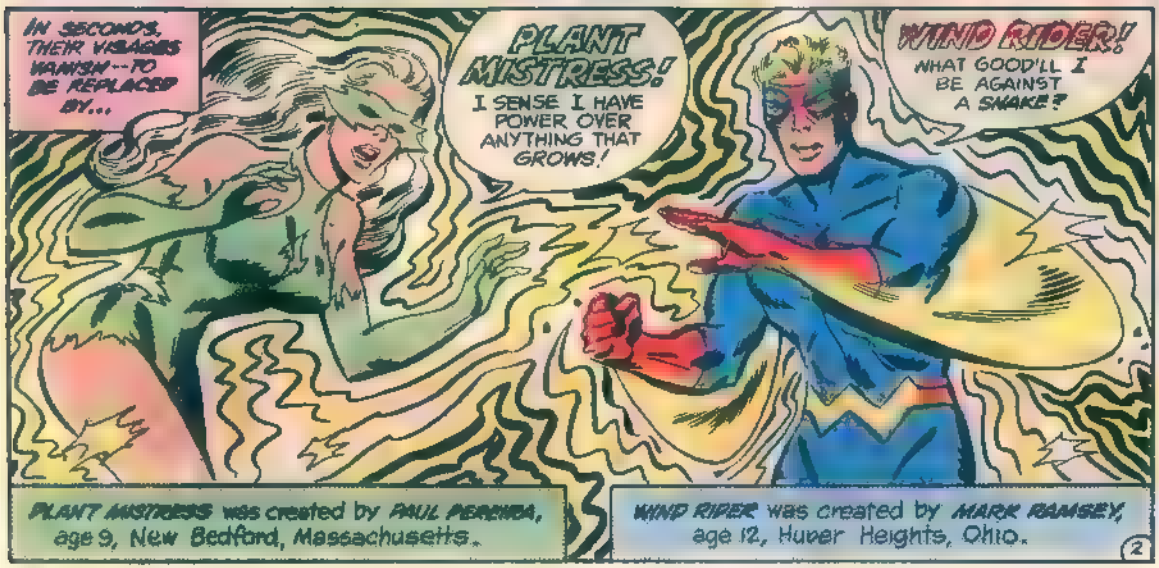
TO CHARM A SERPENT!

J-7604



AND WHERE CLASSES LET OUT AT HAMILTON JUNIOR HIGH...
HOW ABOUT THAT! A GENUINE GIANT SERPENT!
IT'S THE LIVE ARTICLE! THIS I GOTTA SEE!
I HEARD IT'S NO PUT-ON!

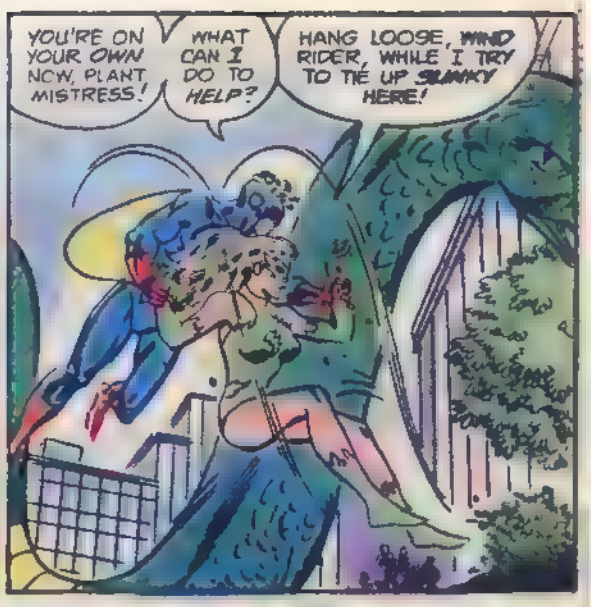
BUT FOR TWO OF THE TEENAGERS, THE SLITHERING MENACE IS MORE THAN A MERE CURIOSITY...
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, CHRIS!
START DIALING, VICKI!

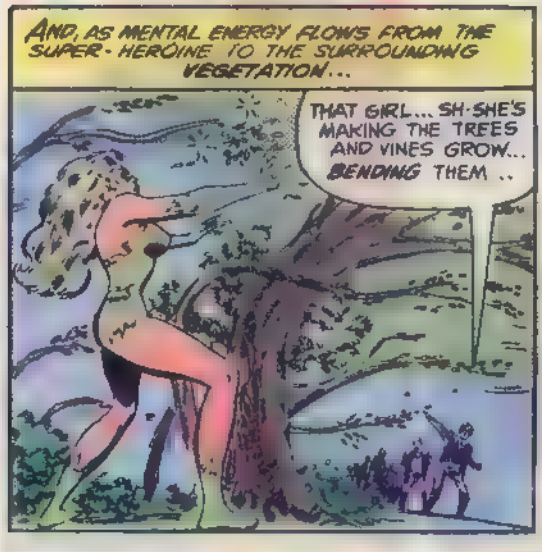

IN SECONDS, THEIR VISAGES VANISH -- TO BE REPLACED BY...
PLANT MISTRESS! I SENSE I HAVE POWER OVER ANYTHING THAT GROWS!
WIND RIDER! WHAT GOOD'LL I BE AGAINST A SNAKE?

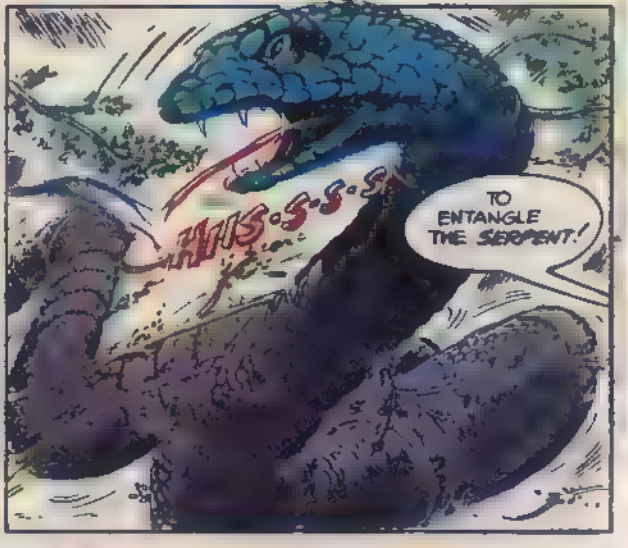
PLANT MISTRESS was created by PAUL PERREIRA, age 9, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

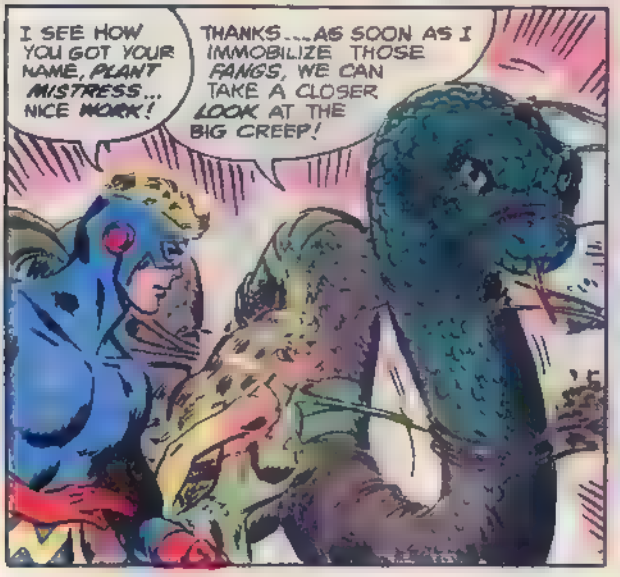
WIND RIDER was created by MARK RAMSEY, age 12, Huber Heights, Ohio.

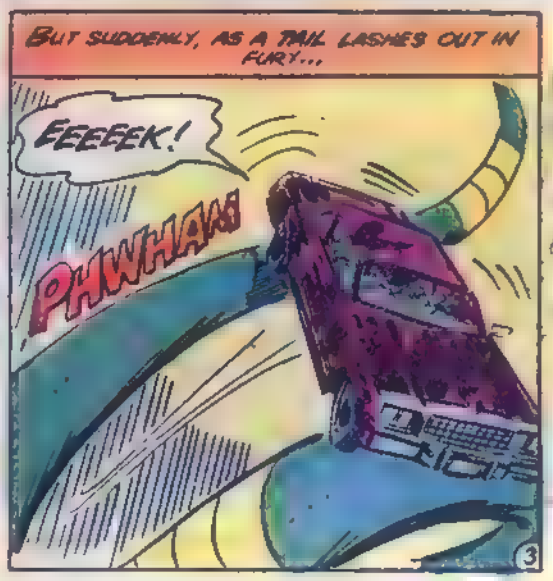
MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK! MORE WEIRDOS COMING!
AT LEAST THESE TWO ARE HUMAN, ... I THINK!

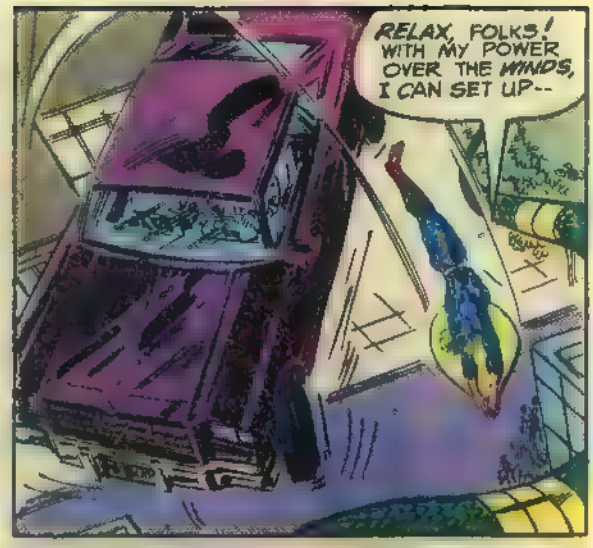

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW, PLANT MISTRESS!
WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?
HANG LOOSE, WIND RIDER, WHILE I TRY TO TIE UP SLINKY HERE!

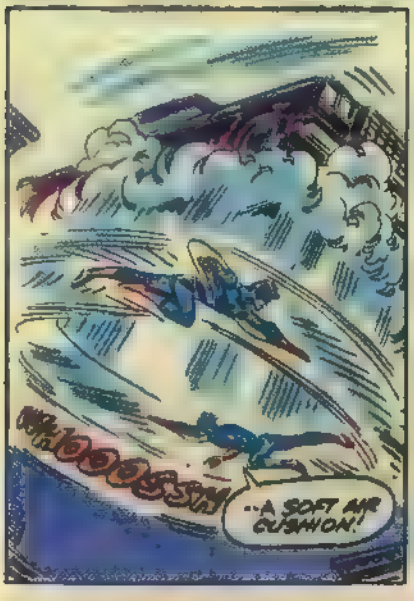

AND, AS MENTAL ENERGY FLOWS FROM THE SUPER-HEROINE TO THE SURROUNDING VEGETATION...
THAT GIRL... SH-SHE'S MAKING THE TREES AND VINES GROW... BENDING THEM ..

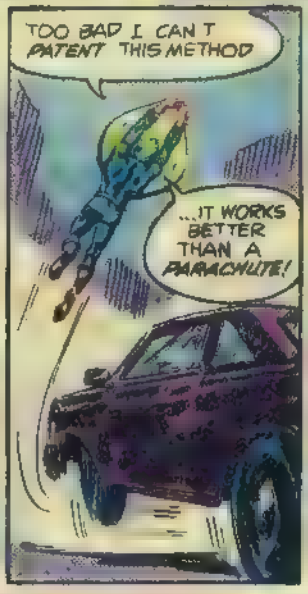

HISSSSS
TO ENTANGLE THE SERPENT!

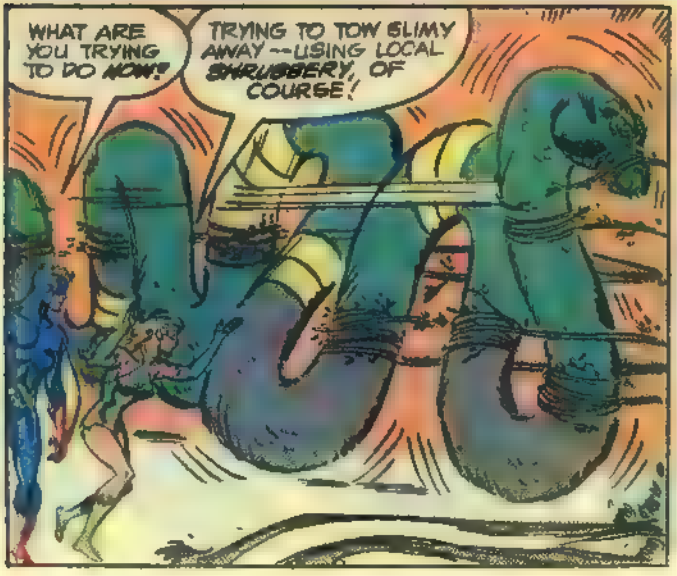

I SEE HOW YOU GOT YOUR NAME, PLANT MISTRESS... NICE WORK!
THANKS...AS SOON AS I IMMOBILIZE THOSE FANGS, WE CAN TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE BIG CREEP!

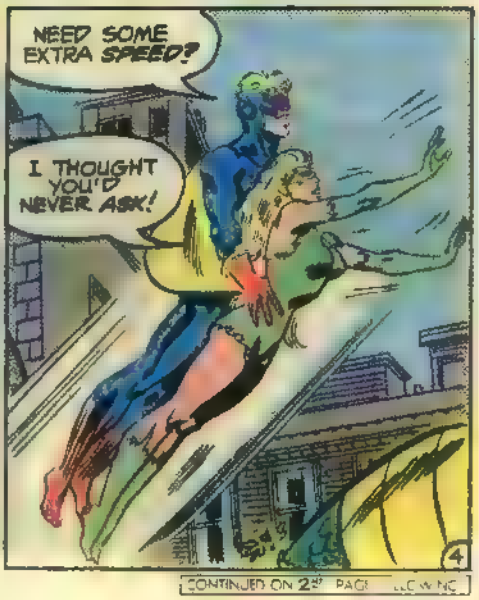

BUT SUDDENLY, AS A TAIL LASHES OUT IN FURY...
EEEEEK!
PHWHAM!
3





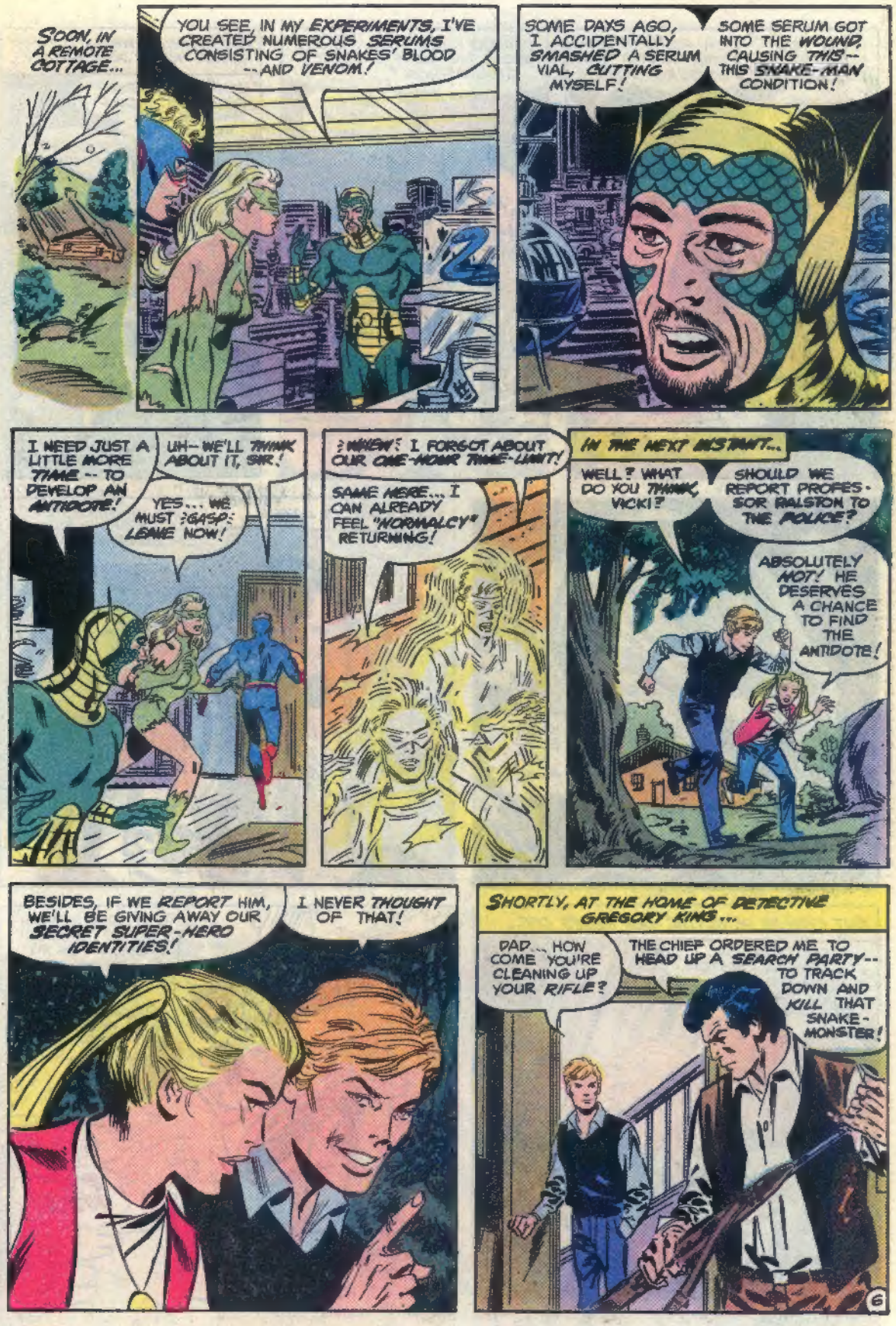






CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE ...CONTINUED

SOON, IN THE DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE...
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THIS THING, VICKI?
TO SOME SAFE PLACE, WHERE IT CAN'T HURT ANYONE!
THEN I'LL CALL THE AUTHORITIES AND... AND...
...CHRIS! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
IF YOU MEAN--ARE WE HAVING THE SAME HALLUCINATION...
...THE ANSWER IS... YES! OLD SCALEY IS SHAPESHIFTING!
HE'S NOT JUST A SNAKE...
... HE'S A SNAKEMAN!
SNAKEMAN was created by CHUCK SPOTTI, age 16, Slovan, Pennsylvania.
WAIT-- DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?
HE'S PROFESSOR RALSTON, THE BIOCHEMIST!
OF COURSE... ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITIES ON SNAKES!
PLEASE... I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING -- IF YOU WILL JUST TAKE ME BACK TO MY LABORATORY!
WELL-- I DON'T KNOW...
COME OFF IT, PLANT MISTRESS... WE OWE HIM THAT MUCH!

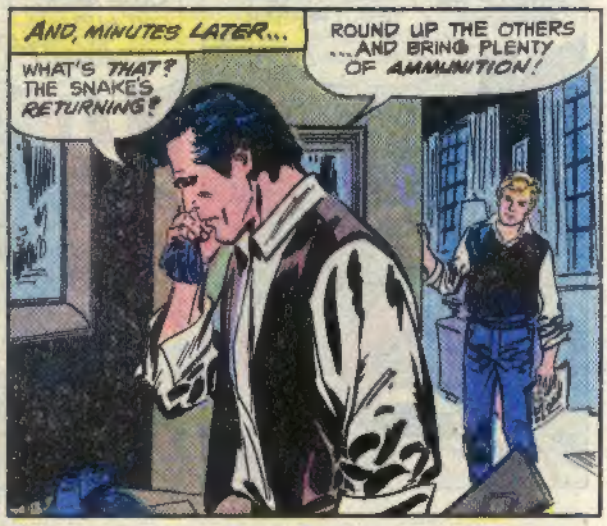

SOON, IN A REMOTE COTTAGE...
YOU SEE, IN MY EXPERIMENTS, I'VE CREATED NUMEROUS SERUMS CONSISTING OF SNAKES' BLOOD --AND VENOM!
SOME DAYS AGO, I ACCIDENTALLY SMASHED A SERUM VIAL, CUTTING MYSELF!
SOME SERUM GOT INTO THE WOUND, CAUSING THIS-- THIS SNAKE-MAN CONDITION!
I NEED JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME -- TO DEVELOP AN ANTIDOTE!
UH-- WE'LL THINK ABOUT IT, SIR!
YES... WE MUST :GASP: LEAVE NOW!
:WHEW: I FORGOT ABOUT OUR ONE-HOUR TIME-LIMIT!
SAME HERE... I CAN ALREADY FEEL "NORMALCY" RETURNING!
IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK, VICKI?
SHOULD WE REPORT PROFESSOR RALSTON TO THE POLICE?
ABSOLUTELY NOT! HE DESERVES A CHANCE TO FIND THE ANTIDOTE!
BESIDES, IF WE REPORT HIM, WE'LL BE GIVING AWAY OUR SECRET SUPER-HERO IDENTITIES!
I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
SHORTLY, AT THE HOME OF DETECTIVE GREGORY KING...
DAD... HOW COME YOU'RE CLEANING UP YOUR RIFLE?
THE CHIEF ORDERED ME TO HEAD UP A SEARCH PARTY-- TO TRACK DOWN AND KILL THAT SNAKE-MONSTER!
6

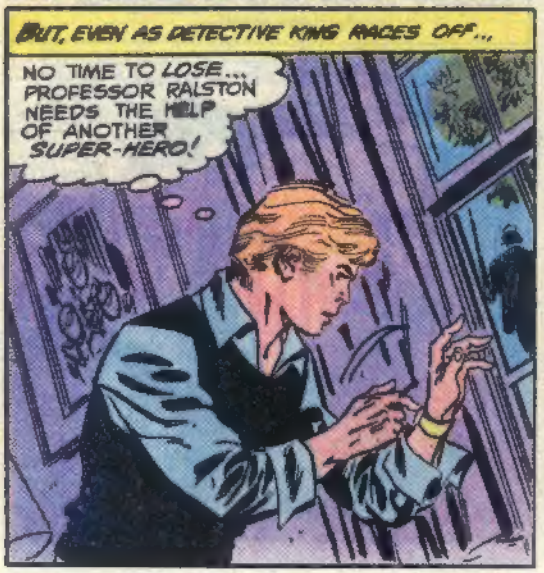
K-KILL HIM? NO, DAD-- YOU MUSTN'T!
OH, REALLY? AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE, SON?
HE--HE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE MONSTER THAT I SHOULD KNOW?
AW-W... FORGET IT, DAD!

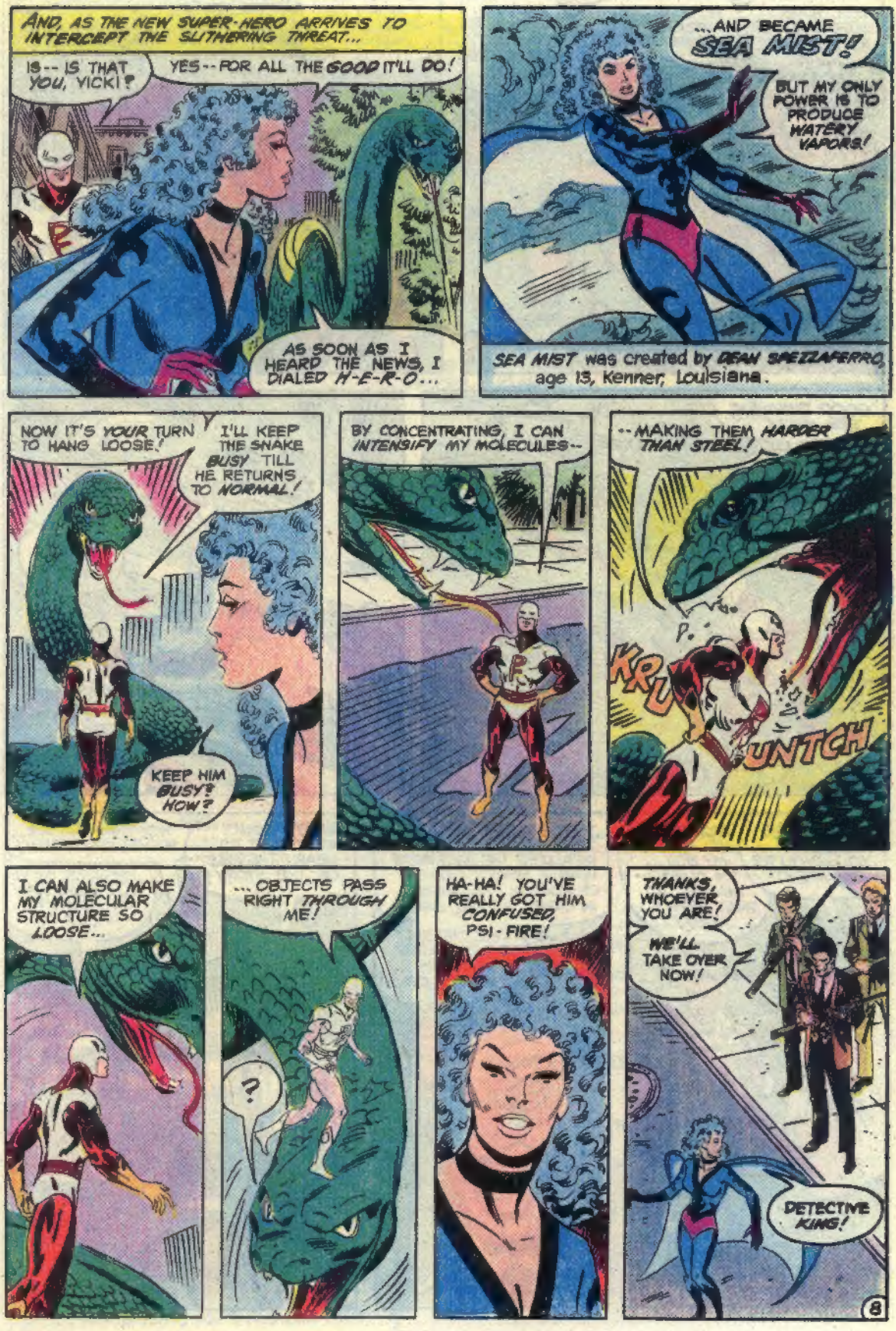
MEANWHILE, WHERE A HYBRID HUMAN WORKS DESPERATELY...
SODIUM ... SODIUM CHLORIDE ... COULD THAT BE THE ANSWER?
IT SEEMS SO SIMPLE --AND YET...

OH MY GOD--! NOT AGAIN!


AND, MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S THAT? THE SNAKE'S RETURNING!
ROUND UP THE OTHERS ...AND BRING PLENTY OF AMMUNITION!


BUT, EVEN AS DETECTIVE KING RACES OFF...
NO TIME TO LOSE... PROFESSOR RALSTON NEEDS THE HELP OF ANOTHER SUPER-HERO!

MY MIND SEEMS TO BE TURNING IN ON--ON MY MOLECULES...
...DEVELOPING ADVANCED PSIONIC POWERS!
THAT'S IT! I'M PSI-FIRE!
PSI-FIRE was created by DANIEL E. CARROLL, age 23, Worcester, Massachusetts.


AND, AS THE NEW SUPER-HERO ARRIVES TO INTERCEPT THE SLITHERING THREAT...
IS-- IS THAT YOU, VICKI?
YES-- FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'LL DO!
AS SOON AS I HEARD THE NEWS, I DIALED H-E-R-O...
...AND BECAME SEA MIST!
BUT MY ONLY POWER IS TO PRODUCE WATERY VAPORS!
SEA MIST was created by DEAN SPEZZAFERRO, age 13, Kenner, Louisiana.
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO HANG LOOSE!
I'LL KEEP THE SNAKE BUSY TILL HE RETURNS TO NORMAL!
KEEP HIM BUSY? HOW?
BY CONCENTRATING, I CAN INTENSIFY MY MOLECULES--
--MAKING THEM HARDER THAN STEEL!
KRUNCH
I CAN ALSO MAKE MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE SO LOOSE...
...OBJECTS PASS RIGHT THROUGH ME!
?
HA-HA! YOU'VE REALLY GOT HIM CONFUSED, PSI-FIRE!
THANKS, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW!
DETECTIVE KING!
8

TELL YOUR SUPER-FRIEND TO MAKE WAY!
HE'LL BLOW THAT SERPENT TO SMITHEREENS!
NO! YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I WON'T LET YOU! GO AWAY!
HEY! ALL THAT MIST... IT'S OBSCURING THE TARGET!
GOOD THINKING, SEA MIST!
WHAT THEY CAN'T SEE, THEY CAN'T...
SPLLZZZZZZ
OH NO... WHAT NOW?
PROFESSOR RALSTON! YOU--YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
MORE THAN "ALL RIGHT," MY BOY... I'M CURED-- THANKS TO THAT HEAVY MIST!
JUST BEFORE MY TRANSFORMATION, I REALIZED THE ANTIDOTE WAS A HEAVY DOSE OF SODIUM CHLORIDE..., IN OTHER WORDS, SALT!
LIKE THE SALT CONCENTRATED IN SEA-WATER OR...
WAIT! DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF THE STORY?
NO, THANKS, SIR... WE HEARD ENOUGH!
BESIDES, WE'VE GOT LESS THAN AN HOUR TO KILL!
THE END